





The Analecta . . .

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Our Motto Lux Sit

Our Colors Purple and Gold

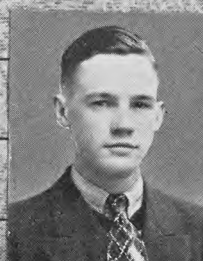
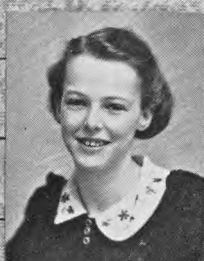
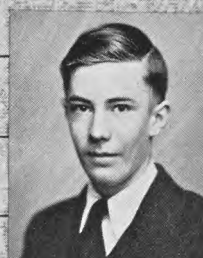
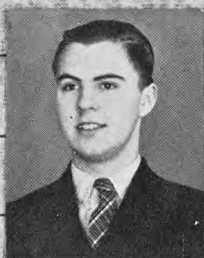
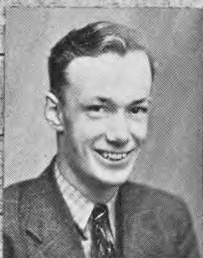
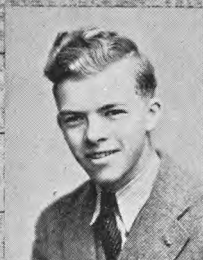
Dedication . . .

In the past few years, unreason and all its attendant evils — hate, oppression and war, seem to have been steadily driving men to destruction. Though it may be no more than a voice crying in the wilderness, this issue of the *Analecta* is hopefully dedicated to Reason, the great Ennobler of Mankind.

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Analecta • Staff



Analecta Staff . . .

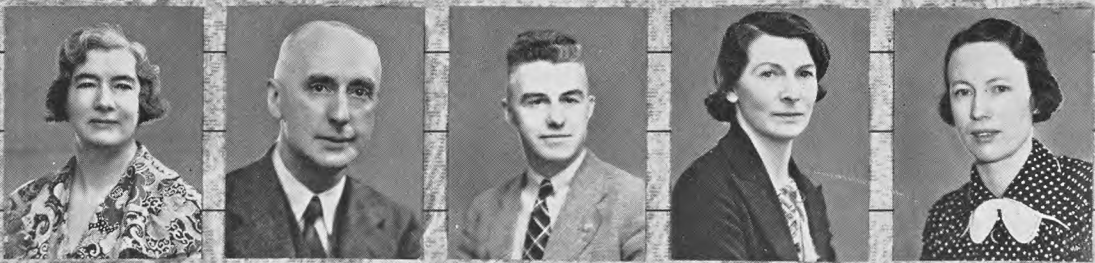
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The Faculty . . .

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Miss L. Kaulbach, M.A. (Queen's) Dramatics, Literature, Composition

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Miss H. Hobbs, B.A. (Alberta) Social Studies, English, Dramatics
Miss J. W. Maxwell, B.A. (Manitoba) French, English, Dramatics
W. Jones, B.A. (Wales) French, English

Mrs. S. E. Carsley, M.A. (Queen's, Belfast) Dramatics, English, Latin
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Miss M. H. Suitor, B.A. (Alberta) History, English

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R. B. Forsyth, B.A. (Dalhousie) Social Studies, English
T. F. Beresford, B.A. (Alberta) Music
Miss E. M. Sampson, B.A. (Saskatchewan) Librarian, Study Supervisor
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T. E. Rodie Librarian, Study Supervisor

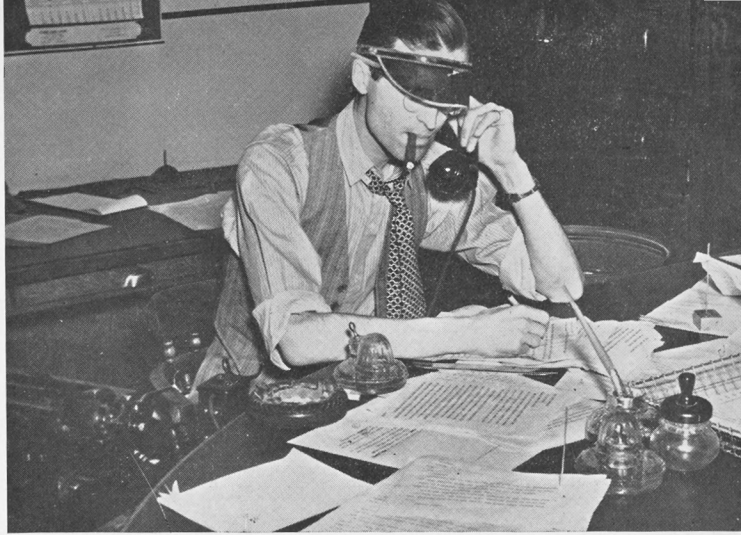
In Memoriam

FRANCES LILLIAN WOOLVERTON

The sudden death of Frances, just preceding the Christmas season, shocked the very wide circle of friends and acquaintances which she had in Calgary. While at C.C.I. Frances was outstanding for her scholastic and athletic abilities, and her friendship was treasured wherever it was bestowed. Those of us who knew her well, saw beyond her physical attractiveness to a beauty of mind and spirit which we can never cease to remember and to revere. And now—like the poignant strains of a lovely tune, her memory, haunting, lingers on in the hearts of all who knew her.

To her family, in their irredeemable loss, we extend our heartfelt sympathy.

Say not of her, 'Too soon her life is spent,
Finished, ere 'tis scarce begun.'
Her task, to find and point the way—
That others may follow where she led on.
Her Heavenly Father called her thus
To noble purpose, high endeavour,
Envoy of that Grander Sphere, where now
She serves—and does His will forever."



*Editorials and
Scholarships . . .*

THE KING COMES TO CANADA

That the motives behind the forthcoming visit of King George VI to America are not entirely social is one of those things that are commonly understood but left unsaid by everyone with good manners.

The fact that this will be the first time in the history of The New World that a British sovereign has set foot on Canadian or American soil is in itself enough to indicate the existence of some great emergency.

Thus it is with these facts in mind that we approach their Majesties' forthcoming visit. It has grown upon all true Canadians that it is not only our duty to receive the son of our beloved King George V, and his wife, hospitably and to ensure their enjoyment during their stay in Canada but it is also our duty to help bolster the ties that hold the mother country and Canada together. It is for us to act with a unified effort to unite Canada and ensure her support of Great Britain in times of stress.

The Canadian public has become slowly engrained with a feeling of independence and warm friendship with the United States. We have yet to realize, however, that inwardly we are still as dependent on Britain as we were in the days of Confederation. This spirit has apparently left many of us and we must rediscover it and put it to good use again.

Thus when Their Majesties arrive at Calgary on May the 26th, it is to be hoped that all Canadian boys and girls will be proud to feel that they are links of our great Empire and no matter how small a link they have helped to a certain extent to hold it together. Give vent to your feelings of proudness but always remember that without your help the Empire cannot carry on. Be ready to support this feeling with physical effort and you will find that you will enjoy the visit of our King and Queen just that much more than if you had not found true realization of the fact that Canada still looks to 'Merry England' for guidance.



OUR AUDITORIUM

Everyone is aware that some day C.C.I.'s dream auditorium will materialize. The time will come when fortunate students will take drill, play games, and hold Lits. and dances in a spacious hall with air conditioning, indirect lighting, and excellent acoustics. It is an inevitable step, for each year such a building becomes a more pressing requisite.

The change in the curriculum has made the need still more demanding. The so-called "baby elephants" or "cavalry", in their physical training periods on the top floor, do not create the most propitious circumstances for deep concentration on the part of the academic classes. Besides this disturbing element there is the increasing problem of floor space for indoor sports, and perhaps most serious of all, the inadequate facilities at the disposal of our Dramatic and Orchestral groups. A craftsman's achievement is limited by antiquated tools and so Central's production of programs is handicapped by improper setting, hearing conditions, and seating room. Obviously, the scope of C.C.I.'s activities has grown beyond the walls which formerly offered sufficient accommodation. If our student body is to keep abreast with the

modern trend and compete with rival collegiate friends, matching advantages are indispensable.

The recent interest, however, which the School Board has taken in our problem is encouraging, and Centralites look forward optimistically to the not too distant day when their visionary auditorium will be concrete.



THE CONSTITUTION

I wonder how many students in the school do not know that there is a constitution. Of the rest, how many have the slightest idea of its provisions? In case you didn't know, it is a document residing in the back of the Students' Council Minute Book. It is not very well written and until last year was hopelessly obsolete.

At that time a committee of the Students' Council did make some recommendations and some amendments were made. Was the student body any the wiser?

The point is this. Our Students' Council is supposed to provide training for democracy. At present, we have fallen into one of the worst pitfalls of that system of government. The people, in our case the students, are ignorant and uninterested. They may grumble when anything happens they do not like, but do they do anything about it?

Two things seem to us to be necessary. First, we need some arrangement for explaining in detail to the students what the Students' Council is, and how it operates. For instance, there is a recall provision that seems to have fallen into disuse. Now that we have a Gestetner machine in the school, I do not see why every student should not have a copy of the constitution.

Secondly, we need a more efficient means of starting things in the fall. There should be a carry-over committee each year to supervise elections and the calling of the first Council meeting.

We make these suggestions because we feel the Students' Council is the business of every Centralite. It does happen from time to time that we cannot boast very highly of our sports; but there is no reason why we should not always have the best student government in the city. It's up to you.



STAFF CHANGES

The year 1938 has brought about a number of changes in the personnel of the Central High School Staff.

With the retirement of Mr. T. E. A. Stanley, Central has lost one of its finest teachers. Mr. Stanley will be remembered by many as one of the small group of four teachers representing the four western provinces, who began, in October, 1919 an organization which has now developed into the Canadian Teachers Federation. He was for many years the principal of Central High School, and later became principal of Western Canada High

School. Mr. Stanley has served under the Calgary School Board for over twenty-eight years, having spent the last four years at Central High. We had come to look upon him as a great standby, and his absence this year has been sincerely felt.

Mr. Stanley's position on the faculty has been taken over by Mr. S. Jones, a specialist in Mathematics, and formerly of Western Canada High School.

Miss Alford, formerly of Crescent Heights, has served Central for many years in the capacity of English and French teacher. Last year she was granted leave of absence and her place on the staff is being filled by Miss H. Hobbs, B.A., formerly of Western Canada High School. Miss Sampson, our librarian and study supervisor, has also been granted leave of absence and her place has been taken by Mr. Rodie.

We also wish to extend a welcome to Mr. T. Finn, who as a Physical Training Instructor, will form another addition to the staff.

In conclusion, to those who have left the faculty of Central, we wish the best of luck, and to our new teachers we extend a hearty welcome on behalf of the students of Central High School.



SWINGEROOS

Ten Pretty Girls	George Burrell
You're a Sweet Little Head-ache	Audrey Masson
Jeepers Creepers	The Weeper
I Double Dare You	Aileen Filteau
Where is My Wandering Boy Tonight	Jim Love
You Gotta Be a Football Hero	Frank Wallace
Funny Old Hills	Jim Ward
Have You Forgotten So Soon	Cam McDougall
Pack Up Your Troubles	Joan Oliver
Chewin' Gum	Pete Reid
I'm An Ole Cowhand	Ches. Burns
Peanut Vendor	Abe Tucker
Foidinand	Doug. Austin
Ole Black Joe	Max Caplin
Alexander's Ragtime Band	Bill Carruthers
When Irish Eyes Are Smiling	Nora McFarland
Sweet Lelani	Olive Millard (The Dusky Maiden)
Dipsey Doodle	Clair Fledgerjohn
You Must'a Been a Beautiful Baby	Betty Watson

Honor Students -- Departmental Examinations

June, 1938

FIRST CLASS NORMAL ENTRANCE

Jeannette Farman
Kathleen Fennell

Albert Haynes
William McPherson

FOUR YEAR GENERAL COURSE

Harold Beare
Clarence Bell
Winnifred Gray
Molly Hughes

Lila Scatcherd
Alec Shapiro
Bessie Sidorsky
Peggy Trotter

GRADE XI NORMAL

William Everett Brown

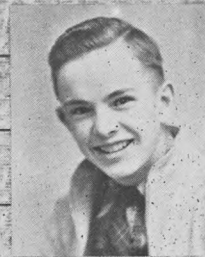
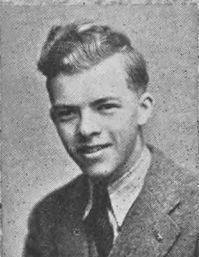
Ruth Crawford
Bill McPherson

GRADE XI MATRICULATION

Bill Brookes-Avey
Neil Carr
Miriam Chertkow
Jack Denholm
Mary Mundie
Ted Pulleyblank
Tom Sibary
Mary Louise Smith
Florence Edwards
Mary Edwards
Isobel Farr
Sheldon Gibson
Lloyd Graham
Pat Jamieson

Mitsuo Kuwahara
Ruth McLaren
Lillian Maginley
David Mansfield
Jack Marles
Gerald Martin
Marian Mayhew
David Moulding
Marion Thackray
Peggy Trotter
Abe Tucker
Arthur Webb
Christine Willox

Scholarships



Mary Louise Smith—R. B. Bennett, Grade XI, \$100.00.

Ted Pulleyblank—R. B. Bennett, Grade XI, \$100.00.

Florence Edwards—McKillop, Grade XI, \$25.00.

Bob Pulleyblank—R. B. Bennett, Grade IX, \$50.00.

Bessie Sidorsky—R. B. Bennett, Grade XII, \$100.00. At the University of Alberta this year, on a provincial scholarship, Bessie distinguished herself gaining five awards in the Freshman year.

In the fall, Mr. Bennett was unable to present the prizes in person, and his secretary, Miss Millar, gave them in his stead. At that time, E. J. Chambers spoke to the students.

In January, when Mr. Bennett left the city for England, a group of students were present at the armories to bid him farewell. These included present and past winners of Bennett Scholarships, and other C.C.I. representatives.



VALEDICTORY

As a long year hastens ever nearer the time of fulfillment, swiftly we approach the crest of the mount up which for so long we have been toiling. With mingled feelings of regret and hope we face our graduation. For a few years we have tarried at the crossroads of beginning and our heads have been lifted higher that we may see Life as it really is. We beheld a vast peak which appeared the ultimate goal of all our strivings, and strangely enough, we believed that all would be ended when once we had stormed that height. And now we stand on the very peak and take one last look back 'ere we turn our faces from the sunset of these days. We have traversed a great distance these years in school—varied alike in its disappointments and in its rewards. After many hard struggles and countless small defeats we have reached the long-sought goal.

Now, as all these familiar things become part of the mighty Past, we perhaps realize the fact of our education which can alone be of enduring value. "True education is to make people not merely do the right things, but enjoy the right things—not merely learned, but to love knowledge." We have experienced the joys of comradeship, the satisfaction of doing things well, the adventure of exploring, in ever-widening fields of endeavour. All these have been inexplicably interwoven with the fact of endless change, and to those who have guided our progress we give our sincere thanks. If our foretaste of learning has impressed upon us a keen desire for more Knowledge,—if it has created within us a deep, insatiable longing for the "Truth which shall make us free,"—if it has kindled in our inmost hearts a fire of thankfulness for lessons learned and gratitude for the infinite greatness of those yet to be discovered,—then school has been very worthwhile.

To you who follow, we leave the echoes of our footsteps and the joy of achievement. Thus do we turn our faces toward the sun-rising, and cross this threshold to embark on the sea of Life.

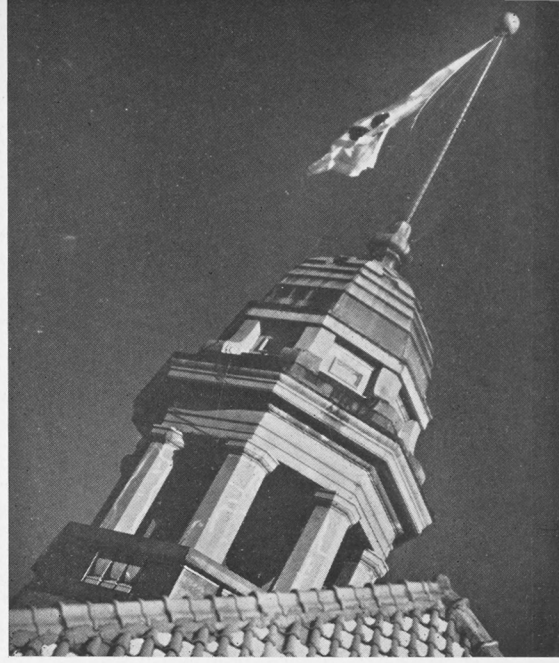
"Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravell'd world whose margin fades
Forever, and forever when I move.

Come, my friends,

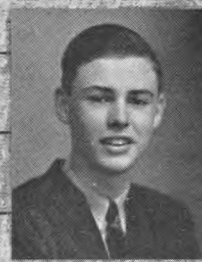
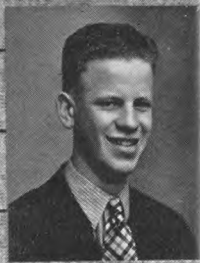
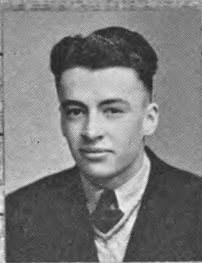
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset—
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

—Tennyson.

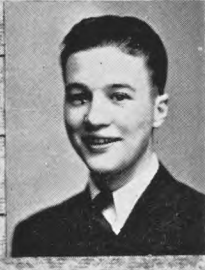
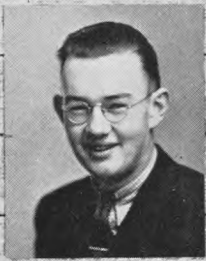
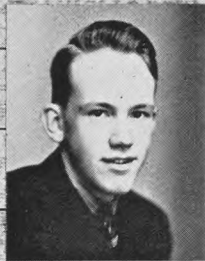
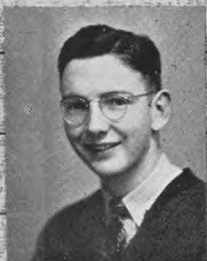
—RUTH CRAWFORD.



Graduates . . .



- ALLAN AMBURY**—Lacombe is his home town where he made his debut some 18 years ago. Shines in Algebra and is a member of the Militia.
- FRED ANDERSON**—His curly hair and friendly smile make him popular in Room 2. A native of our fair city.
- GRAHAM ANDERSON**—Made the birth notices of Calgary in 1921. An N.C.O. of the Calgary Militia who tells us to wait until he becomes a general. We all believe it will be a pretty long wait.
- RUTH ANDREW**—Popped into Calgary in 1920. Is the energetic captain of one of our House Basketball teams. Skis in her spare time and intends to be a nurse.
- ALBERT ANNAND**—Have you heard Alby's latest story? It won't be long now. His last year at school and is acting accordingly.
- CONSTANCE ANNAND**—Just said "Howdie do" in Calgary 19 years ago. A tall brunette with a perfect coiffure. Connie has more than her share of artistic ability which she uses to advantage.
- PRUDENCE BAMLETT**—Happened along here in Calgary in 1922. Exchange Editor of the *Analecta* and Alpha Gamma Chi member. Certainly knows how to use those blue eyes of hers.
- BOB BATEMAN**—A Calgarian since 1920. Takes an active part in the school sports, excelling in rugby and hockey. Only comes part time.
- PAT BEACH**—Increased Calgary's population in 1920. A sport enthusiast and valuable player on one of our house teams. Intends to train for a nurse at the General.
- HARVEY BLISS**—This lengthy slab of humanity was originally quarried in Olds 17 years ago. Is always seen shoving Maurice Silver about the halls, especially on the way to the Physics class.
- GLYTA BOLICK**—Strathmore first saw this bonny student in 1920. She sings a lot and wants to be an opera star. Is renowned at school for her original and constantly changing "hair-dos."
- BILL BRACKENBURY**—First yelled Shakespeare in 1921 and since then he's been trying to play Romeo. Any luck, Bill?
- BARBARA BRANDON**—Smiled her first smile in Calgary in 1920. Likes to dance and enjoys all sports, especially swimming and riding. Comes only in the morning.
- GEORGE BRIGDEN**—Still looking for a better system of getting homework, but in the meantime sits in school with that knowing air.
- DICK BROAD**—Specializes in gas model aeroplanes. Also an enthusiastic follower of the "grunt and growl" game, wrestling.
- BILL BROOKES-AVEY**—Born at Macleod in 1922. Bill is editor of the *Weeper*. Excels in Chemistry and Algebra and intends to delve into the theory of relativity after he gets the next *Weeper* off his chest.
- GORDON BROWN**—Money talks louder than girls so Gordon keeps his money. One of those strong, silent men. Oh yeah!
- IRMA BROWN**—Made her debut in Calgary in 1920. Belongs to the Badminton Club. Irma's vocal talent has brought much renown to herself.
- BETTY BULLAS**—Was a gift to Calgary 17 years ago. An energetic student specializing in Latin. Skilled at "tickling the ivories."
- CHESTER BURNS**—Is taking his education between hunting trips. Drives back and forth and often ends up at school.
- GEORGE BURRELL**—The stork left him on a Calgary doorstep in 1920. Known as the Robert Taylor of C.C.I. He has broken many a maid's heart.
- ALBERT CALDWELL**—Got his start in Calgary in 1918. Always has his homework done. A studious scholar, often seen with Jack Marles.
- AGNES CAMPBELL**—Happened into Galahad 17 years ago. Can contrive some very original answers in Algebra. A quieter member of the room but one admired by all.
- STAN CAMPBELL**—First dazzled the eyes of his parents by his flaming red locks in Saskatoon, Sask., in 1921. A quiet, studious lad who gets along well with the teachers.
- MAX CAPLAN**—A native of Calgary since 1919. A quiet cheerful fellow who gets along well in History.



GERTRUDE CARLYLE—Has been a citizen of Calgary since 1920. This is the first year "Trudy" has paced C.C.I.'s halls. A member of the Fencing Club and also of the Calgary Ski Club.

DON CARMICHAEL—Greeted Calgary in 1921. Has graduated to a pipe-smoking "he-man." (?) Keeps Mr. Robinson busy during the Algebra class.

NEIL CARR—Here comes Carr. Sprained his ankle learning, but is now an accomplished ski fiend. A Garbutt's student in the afternoon.

ALLAN CARROLL—A great pal of Fred's. Also has a fine smile. Born in Nevis, Alberta, in 1923.

MIRIAM CHERTKOW—Received her birth certificate in Winnipeg in 1922. A very good student. Miriam is also an excellent pianist.

CHESTER CLARK—Ches surprised Calgary first with one of those guffaws in 1921. His favorite saying seems to be: "Well, I guess I do my Trig. homework twice, sir."

GERRY COPE—This red-headed badminton star breezed into Calgary 17 years ago. She's Sports Editor for the *Analecta*, president of the Badminton Club, belongs to the Alpha Gamma Chi, and Hi-Y.

BETTY CORBETT—Blew into Calgary 19 years ago. Makes a very capable treasurer of the girls' Hi-Y. A well-known player in the city badminton ranks.

BILL COWAN—Quietly stepped into the picture in Calgary in 1920. A model pupil who enjoys Biology.

JIM CRAWFORD—Jim quietly takes his beating with the rest of us. Out of school little is known, but we wonder!

RUTH CRAWFORD—Made her first appearance in Calgary in 1921. Ruth plays badminton with better than average ability. She also writes wonderful compositions and should have a brilliant future in a literary career.

ROSS CRIGHTON—The Punster-Laureate of Central. First astounded his parents with his huge vocabulary in 1921. He still tortures us with his excellent (?) jokes.

GEORGE DAHL—One of Room 2's funsters and merry-makers. Belongs to the Royal Canadian Artillery in the Militia.

JACK DENHOLM—Originally of Winnipeg, Jack first squeaked in 1922. He is Circulation Manager of the *Weeper* and is known not only as a cheerful fellow but also as a good student.

HELEN DIAMOND—Born in Minneapolis in 1920 with a nature as sunny as her smile. Has ambitions along musical and literary lines and works very hard. A Phi Beta Zi girl.

STAN FAIRBAIRN—Room 2's masculine representative on the Student's Council. Also a Hi-Y member and a rugby player.

ISOBEL FARR—This petite miss has in every way proved an asset to the Purple and Gold. Sports Hi-Y and Omega Gamma Beta pins. Partly responsible for the success of the Rugby Banquet.

MAY FARREL—Got off to a late start in Calgary in 1920 and is still maintaining her pace at C.C.I. Always gay and mischievous. Wants to work on a big newspaper.

KATHLEEN FERGUSON—Made her first sound 17 years ago in Vegreville. Possesses a very artistic nature. A vital link in the life of Room 3.

CLAIR FLEDDERJOHN—A hard boy to pin anything on. Don't get us wrong girls. He's there and then he isn't. What's the big dark secret?

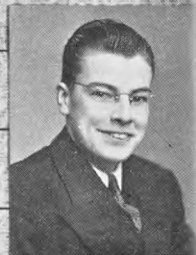
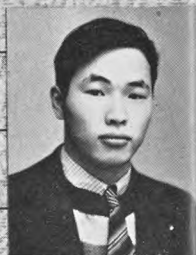
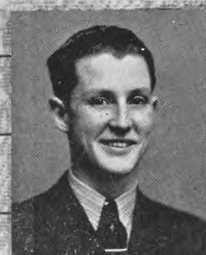
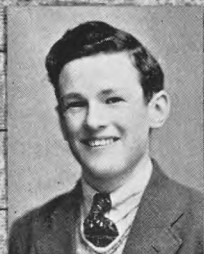
ANDY FLEMING—Has always found French a waste of time but is struggling on. Believes Paradise is the school without homework.

SHELDON GIBSON—Gave Calgary a break in 1922. He is the Business Manager of the *Analecta*. Never seen without his better half, Ogden Turner.

ELIZABETH GORDON—Ranch grown for 17 years near Stavely. An ardent equestrian whose great ambition it to be the biggest rancher in Alberta.

LLOYD GRAHAM—"Lloyd B" rode the stork into Calgary in 1922. Plans to enter his saddle-horse "Beauty" in the horse show. Does well in Latin and French and intends to teach languages.

JANET GRAY—Joined the other Grays way back in '21. An enthusiastic hockey fan. Member of the Theta Gamma Zi. Noted for her witty retorts. Intends to join our fair ranks of nurses



HELEN GREIG—Made her first appearance in Trochu in 1920. Comes for a few periods only, but while she is here she's lots of fun.

KATHERINE GUNN—'Way back in 1922, "Gunnie" made her first appearance in Calgary. When she isn't shooting some innocent bird, she is knitting on a new sweater during an exam.

DON HARRISON—Homesteaded at Richard's Landing, Ont., in 1919. We know very little about him as he only comes two periods a day.

IAN HAY—Hails from Irricana. He can be relied upon for his Algebra. Just lately learned French B was part of the course—strange.

ERNIE HETHRINGTON—Born back in 1922, and now spends much time drawing cartoons on boards. A member of the Calgary Highlanders.

BERNICE HENDERSON—Began life in Veteran, Alta., 19 years ago. A promising badminton star and vocalist. Wherever Bernice is we can be sure Irma is not far away.

GEORGE HILL—President of the Students' Council and Rugby Banquet M.C. Treasurer of the Delta Rho. Dramatic Club member, and in general a very genial gent.

BILL HOGG—This bundle of giggles and horse laughs breezed into Calgary in 1921. Says he gets his pep by eating "grape nuts." Is the chief cause of disturbance during the comp. class.

JANET HORN—First smiled in Calgary in 1921. Belongs to the Mic Macs and is very fond of skating. She aspires to be an artist and is happiest when drawing faces.

BETTY HORNE—This tall red-head arrived in Calgary in 1921. An Omega Gamma Beta member. Next year she goes to Guelph where she will learn to be somebody's perfect home-maker.

IAN HORTON—Was booked in the records of the R.C.M.P. in Sylvan Lake in 1921. An up and coming young hockey player who expects to play pro hockey before he is twenty.

CECIL HOWELL—Always has his homework done and thus is much in demand. Is president of the Current Events Club and fills his office very well.

DOUG HOWELL—First appeared in Calgary in 1921. Noted for his height as he stands well above the rest. An excellent physics student who is always willing to help out his less fortunate room-mates.

DEIRDRE HUGHES—Dropped in on Regina in 1921. Had much to do with organizing the Fencing Club and is one of its foremost members. Also belongs to Omega Gamma Beta and Current Events Club.

PAT JAMIESON—Arrived in Halkirk in 1921. Pat is a good student who enjoys skating. Has a very exciting ambition. She aspires to be an aviatrix. Happy landings, Pat.

CLIFFORD KING—An out of town student who believes "The light that lies in a woman's eyes, it lies, it lies . . ."

IRENE KING—Graced some lucky doorstep at Three Hills in 1917. Attends Garbutt's Business College for half a day and comes to school the other half to pull down high marks.

MARION KING—Made her first appearance in Regina 18 years ago. A member of the Badminton Club and a promising Basketball player and skier. Plans to be a nurse.

BOB KREDENTSER—The "mad genius" first showed up in Calgary in 1921. Is noted for his ability with the violin. Also noted (?) for his lengthy speeches in the Lit. class.

MITSUO KUWAHARA—"Mike" began smiling at Mission City in 1921. Good at Algebra and takes great pleasure in mutilating notices on the black board.

LUCILLE LEONARD—Increased the population of Lomond, Alta., in 1920. Paces the halls of C.C.I. for only a few periods but does her bit to keep up the school's good reputation.

MILDRED LOCKE—This perfect specimen originated in Banff in 1920. Her favorite occupations are tobogganing and knitting. Wants to be a beauty expert down east.

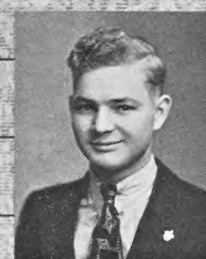
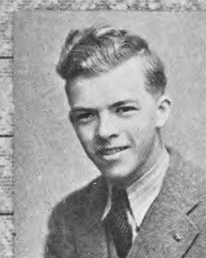
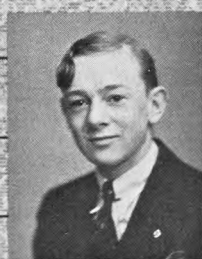
ROSS LOGAN—Created a panic in Calgary in 1921. A bundle of pep and energy. A star of the senior hockey team. Is a good (?) Physics student.

JIM LOVE—An import from Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan. First tested his lungs in 1920. One of the claimants for the Great Lover's title of C.C.I.

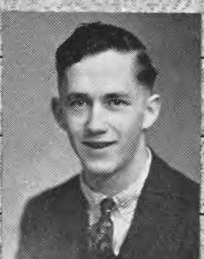
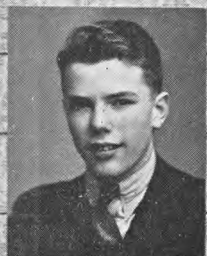
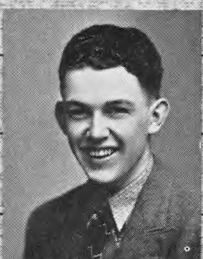
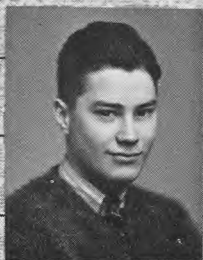
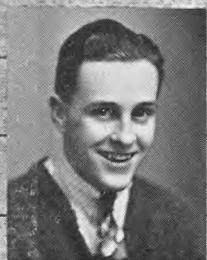
LAWRENCE MACLEAN—Another room joke-maker. His cheerful bright grin and manner help us over many a dull moment.



- LOIS MACLEAN**—Lois first smiled in Moose Jaw in 1921. Seems to take her work on the Weeper very seriously, and does a good job too. Always cheerful.
- MARGARET MacMILLAN**—Was presented to her family in 1922 in Calgary. Has been a credit to C.C.I. for three years. Often seen with Mary and Janet.
- LILLIAN MAGINLEY**—Slipped unobtrusively into Calgary in 1922. To all outward appearances she is very quiet and shy, but you never can tell. Really at home with the classics.
- ANNE MAKAR**—Made her first bow in Calgary in 1922. Belongs to the Phi Beta Zi, and plays the violin. Famed far and wide for her beautiful dark tresses.
- DAVE MANSFIELD**—Got his first start in Vancouver, B.C., in 1922. One student who really can do Algebra. A swell guy with a keen sense of humor. Says all girls are gold-diggers . . . but . . .
- JACK MARLES**—Joined the rest of the Marles family in Calgary in 1921. He receives 10 per cent. of Abe Tucker's lunch every Friday for professional services rendered.
- GERALD MARTIN**—First started his notorious career in 1921 as a Calgary citizen. Spends his time in Chem. expounding the Periodic Table to Abe Tucker.
- LEONA MARTIN**—Said "hello" in 1918 in Calgary. Migrated to Coutts but liked Calgary so well found it impossible to stay away. An accomplished basketball player and singer. Often seen with Connie.
- AUDREY MASSON**—A native of Calgary since 1922. Kappa Zi girl and vice-president of the Dramatic Club. Hopes to become a private secretary.
- CLAUDE MATTHEWS**—An average student who does average things in an excellent way. We don't include Algebra—it's (?).
- MARION MAYHEW**—Increased the Calgary population in 1921. An Omega Gamma Beta girl. Marion continues her education at Queen's next year, where she will study commerce. Good luck, Marion.
- ROLLIE MAYHOOD**—Homesteaded in Calgary in 1920. President of the Dramatic Club. An outstanding French pupil (?). Usually seen in the company of George Hill.
- MOLLY McCASKILL**—Began to enjoy life in 1920 in Calgary. A member of the Badminton Club and Mic Macs. Often found enjoying a good laugh with Ruth McLaren.
- CAMERON McDUGAL**—A star on the senior hockey team. A new Tau member. Women, women and women are his most indulgent habits. Excels exceptionally in the latter two.
- NORA MacFARLANE**—A product of Belfast, Ireland. A member of the Phi Beta Zi and Hi-Y. Likes Sking and having a good time generally. A capable person.
- SHIRLEY McFARLANE**—First opened her eyes in Calgary eighteen years ago. This quiet young lass is fond of reading and is a skier of no mean ability.
- RUTH McLAREN**—First giggled in Calgary in 1922. A Hi-Y girl. Ruth seems constantly to be going places and doing things. Possesses a good sense of humor and always enjoys life.
- NORMAN McLEAN**—Gave his first squeal in Montreal, Que., during the summer of 1921. Claims part townership of C.C.I.—why—because his pop pays taxes.
- ROSS McNEIL**—Arrived at Langdon in 1922. Seldom attracts attention by talking and seems to take his work seriously.
- JACK McNEILL**—A new Delta Rho member and a swell fellow. Rarely seen with women because few girls smoke and none of them carry matches.
- DONALD McTAVISH**—Fond of showing us how to write his name in his own kind of Gaelic. First showed the world his curly hair in 1920.
- AILEEN MILLER**—Sang her first note in Calgary in 1921. This tall and stately blonde has lots of vocal talent. She's an Omega Gamma Beta girl. Constantly seen with sorority sister Deidre.
- JOAN MOORE**—Rode into Regina her trusty steed back in '22. One of the Literary editors of the *Analecta* and a renowned badminton player. Finds little difficulty in school work.
- DAVE MOULDING**—Increased the population of Calgary by 1 in 1921. Assistant editor of the Weeper. Aspires to be a second Carlyle.
- JEANETTE MUNROE**—Landed here in 1920. Jennie is an enthusiastic Dramatic Club member and took a leading role in "Michael." Has a peculiar sneeze all her own, which disturbs the solemnity of our lonely classrooms.



- MARY MUNDIE**—She arrived in Calgary in 1922. This petite miss is much respected because she can do Algebra better than most of us. An enthusiastic Badminton Club member and Theta Gamma Zeta girl.
- OAKLEY NAFTEL**—This modest (?) young man is the answer to any maiden's prayer. Another home product of our home city in three years.
- CHARLOTTE NELSON**—Greeted Calgary with a smile in 1920. Charlotte plans to go to New York for a grand holiday just as soon as she finishes school.
- JEAN NEWCOMBE**—Caused an eruption in Calgary in 1921. Likes hiking, basketball and dramatics, but not Algebra. Looks to the future to get her work done.
- STUART NEWHALL**—The "professor" came to Calgary in 1922. Noted for his scientific definition of an "instant," and of a "point." Always seen with Norman McLean and Ogden Turner.
- MARION NIELSON**—Became a citizen of Calgary in 1920. A very studious miss. Spends most of her spare time reading and some of it skating.
- JOAN OLIVER**—This popular brunette was born in Calgary 17 years ago. She's president of the Girl's Hi-Y, Society Editor for the *Analecta*, member of the Kappa Zeta Beta. An enthusiastic skier and future nurse.
- FRED PARKER**—Was born in England in 1921. His quiet, friendly manner makes him liked by his neighbors.
- GLEN PATTERSON**—Started blowing his own horn in 1921 in Calgary. A ruddy trumpeter of the school orchestra who seems to have a weakness for Algebra.
- MILES PATTERSON**—A native son since 1922. Constantly seen in the company of Ian Horton. A regular fellow who is always on hand to help a damsel in distress.
- TED PULLEYBLANK**—A "Made in Alberta" product who came to life in '22. He is noted for his vast amount of knowledge and he is the Editor of the *Analecta*.
- MONICA PYLE**—Has been a Calgarian since 1921. This cheery member of the Alpha Sigma Rho wants to be a business woman, preferably a private secretary. Good luck, Monica.
- ALBERT RAVVIN**—One of Room 2's funsters, noted for his wisecracks. A real good fellow.
- PETE REID**—Another Intermediate rugby player, Pete began tackling life in Bottrel, Alberta, in 1921. He does all his work on his gum.
- GERALD RICHARDS**—Began life in Calgary in 1922. Gerald is an embryo reporter and playwright. Besides being a member of the Highlanders, he belongs to the Current Events Club.
- LLOYD RICHARDS**—Has a contagious smile which we all like. Also full-fledged private in the Highlanders.
- ALTON RYAN**—A rugby player and a great worker at the Y.M.C.A. Born in Calgary in 1920.
- BRUCE SALMON**—Came to us this year from B.C. Previously attended our rival institute of learning, Western. The young ladies seem to be fond of his company.
- RAY SALMON**—Arrived in Calgary in 1921. Member of the Current Events Club and Spokes Club.
- FLORENCE SHAW**—Surprised Big Valley in 1921. Is always around when things are happening. In spite of having come to us from Edmonton she is going to train in our General Hospital.
- TOM SIBARY**—Blew into Ottawa, Ont., in 1920. An ardent supporter of democracy and free speech, especially during school hours.
- FRANK SILVER**—One of Bankview's gifts to "Sleepy Hollow." Works hard and long to get something, maybe it's a high school education.
- MAURICE SILVER**—Landed in Calgary in 1920. Is a member of the Spokes and the Dramatic Clubs. Aspires to be an author. His first book will be entitled "My Criticisms of Carlyle." We wish him luck.
- MARJORIE SINTON**—This blonde young lady first saw daylight in Calgary 17 years ago. She has golden curls and a sunny smile. Plans to enter the nursing profession.
- MARY LOUISE SMITH**—Began her career in Vancouver in 1922. Assistant Editor of the *Analecta*, belongs to the Council, member of the Hi-Y, Kappa Gamma and Current Events Club. A busy woman.



CLAUDE STEARNS—First voiced his protests in Calgary in 1921. Attended Central High School in Regina. "Mac" is a devotee of aeronautics and intends to enter Ryan Aeronautical College at San Diego after graduation.

JACK STILL—One of those strong, silent men. Born in Lethbridge in 1922, and a real asset to Room 2.

BILL STUART—Just comes for the morning to see what goes on. Back in his mind he has some idea of beating Algebra 3. We're not betting.

GEORGE TAYLOR—Born in Winnipeg, Man., Later migrated to Calgary. Studies French with zeal and has hopes of meeting a French doll in later life.

JACQUELINE TEMPEST—"Jackie" first made her appearance in 1920. Belongs to the Kappa Gamma, Current Events Club, and the Alpha Gamma Chi sorority. Very interested in badminton.

MARION THACKRAY—Appeared in birth notices 18 years ago in Calgary. Helps to cheer up Room 3 with her laugh and noise in general. A badminton player.

PETE THOMAS—His hair is the envy of every beauty parlor, but Pete just grins, and says, "No Sale!" Another morning only student.

DORIS TODD—Arrived in Calgary in 1921. A jolly person, whose lovely printing will win her fame. A good prospect for borrowing Latin homework. Belongs to Central Badminton Club.

JACQUELINE TRUSLER—Greeted the family in 1921 at the coast but soon migrated to our fair city. A lover of good music and one of the mainstays of the school orchestra.

ABE TUCKER—Passed his first exam in 1921. Organized the Spokes Club of C.C.I. and is president. He is a debater of note and desires to be a doctor. Always seen with Maurice Silver.

OGDEN TURNER—Breezed into Toronto in 1921. Tries not to take life too seriously. Seems to think best when turning around. Quite often seen with Sheldon Gibson.

FRANK WALLACE—Known for his rugby talent. 'Tis whispered that some girl has her eye upon him, but he still finds time for school.

BETTY WATSON—Kept the first of a long line of dates with a local stork in 1922. President of the Mic Macs, member of the Alpha Gamma and Hi-Y. She enjoys life.

JIM WARD—Considers shaving a waste of time. Claims the girls like his manly chin. Considers his detentions as part of his education.

ART WEBB—Began playing the game at Calgary in 1922. Art is an ardent mathematician. Played on the Intermediate Rugby Squad. Pals around with Pete Reid.

BOB WILKINS—Stepped into the Calgary limelight in 1920. A two-fisted Westerner with a yen for History.

CHRISTINE WILLOX—First smiled in Calgary in 1921. Chris is secretary of the Hi-Y. She is one of those skiing enthusiasts and also plays badminton and basketball.

FRANK WILLOUGHBY—Is taking his higher education at C.C.I. Is always seen in the best of company.

TOM WILSON—Arrived at the Wilson home in Medicine Hat in 1919. His favorite occupation seems to be borrowing French translation from his neighbors.

JOHN WINDSOR—Drifted into Edmonton in 1920. A tall, handsome lad who gets along well with the ladies. A master of French. Is always seen getting Maurice Silver's Trig. homework.

PAULINE WRIGHT—Fort Pitt in 1922. A member of the Spokes, Badminton and Dramatic Clubs. A most convincing Aunt in "Oliver's Island."

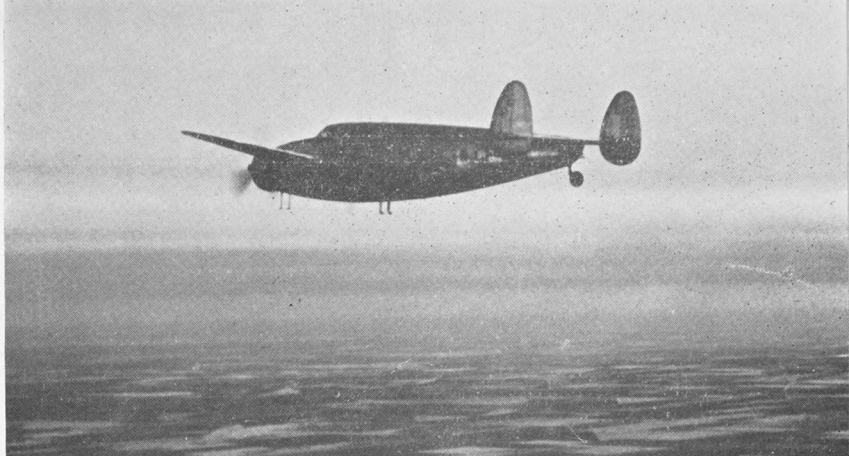
KEN YEABSLEY—Delights in teasing the girls who sit around him. Manages to get in from his Dad's ranch outside of Calgary in time for the second bell every day.

- MARY BINGHAM**—Was added to the population of Calgary in 1921. Thinks that going out at night is more fun than doing homework. Intends to become a music teacher.
- DOREEN BLAIR**—Strolled into Calgary in '22. Has a super smile and recently became a member of the Alpha Sigma Rho. Well liked by everybody.
- PEGGY BLAIR**—First created a disturbance in 1921, but grew up to be very charming. Noted for her fair face and winning smile. Loves riding her personality horse "Harkaway."
- HILTON BOUCHER**—Played Senior Hockey and Rugby. Member of the Dramatic Club. His polished hair has given many a fly a "wet pair of pants."
- VERNA BOUNDS**—In September of 1921, Calgary gained Verna, only to lose her to California for seven years. A swell sport who likes skating and dancing, and is a member of the Maccabees.
- PEGGY BRASS**—A cute little girl who just bubbles over with good spirits and fun. Born in Calgary in 1921. She is another member of the Alpha Sigma Rho.
- BETTY CAMPBELL**—First started the male hearts fluttering in Prince George in 1921, and has been at it ever since. An active member of the Kappa Zi. Often seen with Shirley.
- ALLAN CARLYLE**—Photography Editor for "Ye Olde Year Book" and vice-president of the Central Ski Runners. Excels at driving a car on some lonely country road—very lonely.
- BILL CARRUTHERS**—Saxophone player and strictly a woman-hater, except for blondes, brunettes or red heads..
- BILL COLE**—Never without company on his way home. Quiet and popular with his mates.
- SHIRLEY DUNSMORE**—Flirted for the first time in 1921 in Ottawa. Has difficulty in getting to school just on the dot of nine. Likes to laugh and have fun.
- MARION DAVIES**—Was born in Calgary in 1921. Has naturally curly hair and an abundance of grey matter underneath. Belongs to the Current Events Club.
- JACQUELINE ELIOT**—Deposited on a Calgary doorstep in 1921. Popular member of the Kappa Zi, whose smile would melt the hardest heart.
- MARION EVANS**—Brought to Calgary in 1920 by a cruising stork. Nonchalant and care-free, she takes life as it comes without worries about homework, etc.
- JEAN FOXCROFT**—Decided on Claresholm for her home town in 1921. Belongs to the Mic Macs. Has a poor memory when it comes to remembering things.
- BETTY FORD**—First greeted Calgary in 1921. Betty is an enthusiastic Nelson Eddy fan and is constantly seen with Dorothy.
- ELSIE FREEMAN**—She was born in Calgary in 1920. We don't see her very often as she comes for one period only. A very earnest musician.
- JIM FRISKEN**—Had a certain Kappa Zi pin for encouragement when he played Intermediate Rugby. It didn't help. Still imagines a Ford is a car.
- HU HARRIES**—Began being a nuisance in 1921 at Strathmore. Originator of those flashy sports write-ups in the Weeper. Wears S.B.C., Hi-Y, Gamma Phi, Delta Rho and Kappa Zi pins.
- BILL HAUN**—Came to school late in September and is still catching up—we hope. Pals around with "Clarke Gable" Thorpe.
- DOROTHY HICKS**—First squawked in Macleod. Pals around with Jean Loudfoot and Vivian McDonald.
- ISABELLE HOWSON**—Brought to Castor in 1921 by the stork. Another member of the Kappa Zi. Never seen without Jackie. Writes notes to her sorority sisters.
- HOWARD KERR**—Has the remnants of a Model T which he claims can do 40 M.P.H. He is also an Algebra fiend.
- JEAN LOUDFOOT**—Bobbed up in Calgary in 1921. Has brown eyes that twinkle with fun. Often heard to say: "Have you got your Latin done?"
- VIVIAN McDONALD**—Was born in Calgary in 1921. Has a sunny disposition that won't let her worry about such things as homework.

- EILEEN McFARLANE**—This Scotch lassie first heard the bagpipes in 1919. Came from Carstairs to attend C.C.I. this year. An excellent basketball player on a local church team.
- REG. McINNES**—A lad who just isn't understood by the teachers. Really cuts a mean lick on the dance floor. Has a soft spot for a certain Kappa Zi girl.
- BOB McKAY**—Intermediate rugby star and noise maker of Room 5. Believes implicitly in Carlyle's motto: "If you are in doubt whether to kiss a girl or not, give her the benefit of the doubt."
- ROD MacNEILL**—A real athlete. One of Central's Senior Rugby stars, also plays hockey. Strictly a woman-hater.
- OLIVE MILLARD**—Started out life in England in 1920. This "dusky maiden" spends her time thinking instead of talking.
- MARGARET MOORE**—This twinkling colleen brightened Nova Scotia in 1922. A popular member of Mic Macs. Likes acting and is going to be a nurse.
- NORINE MORTON**—Sauntered into Calgary some years ago. An active member of the Alpha Gamma and an accomplished zylophone player. Also belongs to a local chapter of the I.O.D.E.
- BOB NIES**—Played on Senior Rugby team last fall. A Hi-Y member and an all-round good sport.
- ERNEST PESCOD**—Comes to school just once in a while, no doubt for the novelty of it. We still claim he can roll faster than he can run.
- BETTY PORTER**—Delivered to Calgary C.O.D. in 1920. Intends to become a nurse when "the good old golden rule" days are finished. Another member of the Kappa Zi.
- DAVID RAGG**—A quiet student who works hard and is a real sport. Claims women are swell to look at—from a distance.
- IRENE ROBERTSON**—Skied into Winnipeg in 1920. A happy-go-lucky girl who sees a joke in everything. Wants to be a second Florence Nightingale.
- MADelyn SACKVILLE**—First blushed in Calgary in 1921. Has a hard time keeping track of her notes, especially in French period, but looks very happy in spite of it all.
- MARY LOU SHERMAN**—Was presented to the populace of Los Angeles in 1921. Possesses a prize dimple and knows all the latest dance steps. A member of the Alpha Sigma Rho.
- SHIRLEY SOMERVILLE**—Enhanced the local scenery in 1921. Has lovely hair and a charming personality. A popularity girl and president of the Kappa Zi.
- HARRY STEVENS**—Claims school is an unnecessary evil. Has too much education for the British Navy so wants to enter the Canadian Service.
- MARISE TEMPEST**—A gift from the skies in 1923. Intends to go back up in the guise of an airline "Hostess." Belongs to the Chi Beta Rho.
- DORIS THOMPSON**—Introduced herself to Calgary in 1921. Walks to school with Verna and gets there just in the nick of time. Popular with everybody.
- BEATRICE UNDERHILL**—Became a citizen of Broadview, Sask., in 1921. Works out Crossword Puzzles during some of her spare time.
- BILL WERTH**—Stalwart tackle of the Senior Rugby team. A popular H-Y member.
- DOROTHY WHITE**—Was born in Winnipeg in 1921. Nelson Eddy is her idol, and it was a great shock to her when he got married. She's going to be a nurse.
- JOYCE RICHARDSON**—Born right here in 1920. Comes to school for only one period. Belongs to the Girl Guides and is a zealous stamp collector.
- HELEN SLOAN**—Landed in Lethbridge back in 1920. Well known to basketball circles and an enthusiastic skater. Belongs to the Juan Aqua Zarca sorority. Noted for her good sportsmanship.
- LORRAINE McPHAIL**—Aroused the citizens of Denver, Utah, seventeen years ago. Does not believe in doing her own French—prefers playing the piano. A dauntless cyclist, whose sunny smile is well known.
- NOREEN McPHERSON**—A product of the home town since 1921. Comes only for a few periods. Well known among her schoolmates for having her homework up to the minute.



- Throw dirt in his face, Bill.
- Would this be spoon feeding.
- Joan does the dirty work.
- The old fight.
- Bottoms up.
- Knock-kneed Carr.
- The artist at work.
- Dinny (?)
- Oh, that look.
- Sing out, brother.
- Over the top.
- Tsk, tsk, dirty dishes.
- Star of the Lits.
- Streamlines.
- Momentum = Mass X Velocity.
- The Rugby Banquet.
- Congratulations, Pat.
- You said a mouthful.
- Hold-er Nell.
- Ten on the nose.
- Carve your way to success.
- Our swimming pool.
- Three of a kind.
- Nail 'im.



Exchange and Alumni . . .

EXCHANGE

We regret very much that we have been unable to send any copies of The Analecta to Exchange editors in other schools, but expect to be able to do so this year. Below, there is a resume of Year Books we have received. Students may have an opportunity to see them if they so desire.

The Twig—University of Toronto School—

A splendid book with fine pictures and articles.

The Collegiate—Sarnia Collegiate Institute—

A fine magazine, touching on all phases of school life.

Echoes—Olds School of Agriculture—

One of the best. We've seen a number of familiar faces in it.

Glasgow High School Magazine—

A monthly magazine of a very high standard.

The Tech Flash—Nova Scotia Technical School—

A swell year book with particularly good pictures of the graduates.

The Breezes—Daniel MacIntyre Institute, Winnipeg—

A magazine, well arranged and designed.

The Hermes—Humberside Collegiate, Toronto—

Boasts some good stories and articles.

The Student—Welland High and Vocational School—

Especially noted for its fine illustrations.

Newtonian—Isaac Newton High School—

A good magazine with a distinctive cover.

Alibi—Albert College, Belleville—

A book with commendable articles and poems.

The Wykehamist—Winchester College—

A magazine of distinction worthy of the effort.



ALUMNI

Western—

Betty Fowler, Verness Ridgeway, Howard Irwin, Helen Bried, Mary Anderson, Maurice Snell, Brenda Turner, Dorothea Stuart, Irene Thorssen, Stewart Sinclair, Rita Jewesson, Mildred Beaulieu, Mary Eagleston, Jean Logan, Rose Sketchley, May Calder, Betty Jack.

Working—

Bernard Tharp, Muriel Saxby-Hawkins, Murray Law, Harold Beare, Bette Baker, Lionel White, Stewart Barker, Stanley Stewart, Angus McKin-

non, Bill Andrews, Dawn Fairbairn, Sam Cohen, George Adlam, Ruby Dial, Jack Stabback, Betty Murray, Richard Swann, Clarence Bell, Don Smith, Don Donson.

Business College—

Doreen Donaldson, Garbutt's; Dorothy Carmichael, Garbutt's; Gwen Varcoe, Hepburn's; Pat Turner, Henderson's; Joyce Palley, Garbutt's; Lila Scatcherd, Hollingshead's; Shirley Ford.

Mount Royal College—

Lois Lilligren, Marion Dyson, Jeannette Farman, Murray Hall, Margaret Willox, Dick Webb, Don Francis, Molly Hughes, Ethel Allan, Bill Topley, Betty Kerr.

University of Alberta—

Norma Christie, Jean Hill, Alma Neilson, Peggy Trotter, Bessie Sidor-sky, Jean McEwan.

At Home—

Elva Clark, Betty Lou Sewall, Jessie Cowan, Jean Mundie, Winnifred Grey, Wilfred Ryan, Bob Stearne.

Technical Institute—

Bill Webster, Bob Wayne, Alec Shapiro, Albert Haynes.

At Normal—

Norman Campbell, Kelvin Stanley.

In Training—

Dorothy Hammond, Eleanor Blackwood.

Married—

Grace Mills.

U.S.A.—

Wilbur Lennox, U.S.C., Don Dyson, Ann Roginsky, Marcel Gould, Joe Dutton.

R.A.F.—

Don Macqueen.

Lost but Not Forgotten—

Leslie Avery, Kenneth Head, Ken Malin, Yvonne Doherty, Mac Sullivan, Beth White, Bill MacIntosh, John Hill, Bill Martin, Helen Meadows, Thelma Merrifield, Kenneth Brigden, Kathleen Fennell, Jack MacDougall, Ted Haney, Catherine Whitney, Harry Semrau, Ivy Eagland.



Literary . . .

IT'S FUN TO PLAY WAR

(First Serious—Comp. 4)

A few weeks ago I went shopping. It was the day before Christmas—Christmas, the time of international love and goodwill and peace. I was in the five and ten cent store, standing by the toy counter. A little boy, a rosy cheeked young fellow, was tugging at his mother's skirts and pleading.

"Mamma, can't I please have some of these? Aw, please, mamma."

"All right, Johnny," said mamma, "Sure you can have some. Clerk! Clerk! Johnny, tell the clerk which ones you want."

My eyes wandered to the objects of Johnny's desire. They were toys—rather unusual ones to say the least. The counter was heavily laden with scores of miniature implements of warfare. Soldiers, guns, and all the rest of the grisly display.

There were soldiers in khaki and soldiers in blue. Some of them proudly bore the colors, some of them manned tiny machine guns, some of them stood poised with rifles and naked bayonets. So these were what Johnny wanted. Well, let him have his toys. Who knows? Johnny may some day be playing for "keeps" with bigger fellows in khaki, and in blue, standing poised with unfurled colors—marching on to death and destruction. Millions of little Johnnies may some day be called upon to kill and destroy for their country.

There were guns of all kinds, miniature cannon with wheels that really turned and carriages that really moved. Johnny seemed to like the guns. Bigger guns than those, however, may some day stand, row upon row, belching forth smoke and fire and steel, efficiently fulfilling their mission to kill and to maim. Johnny may some day find that out.

There were even winding trenches and barbed wire entanglements and piles of tiny sand bags. Johnny looked at them with shining eyes, eager to try them out. Some day, perhaps, Johnny may have the opportunity to crouch in muddy filthy trenches, to tear his clothes and his flesh on mercilessly sharp barbed wire, to hurl his weary body on damp sand bags, waiting, perhaps, for merciful death.

Soldiers, guns, trenches, barbed wire—I thought I had seen them all. But I hadn't. There, in one corner of the display counter, lay dozens—at a nickel each—of tiny white stretchers.

Johnny was a handsome looking little fellow, but I can't help but wonder how Johnny would look stretched on a large replica of one of those tiny white stretchers.

—Abe Tucker.

A CHANGE OF STATE

(First Humorous—Comp. 4)

He was only a little dog and he never meant to do any harm, but somehow nothing ever seemed to come out just the way he had intended it. Perhaps in the first place, they had given him the wrong sort of name, for the cognomen of "Frisky" seems invariably to put ideas into canine heads. At any rate, it was a rare day when he was in any other state but that of disgrace. The minute anything untoward happened, the search began for a small, fawn and white dog whose tail was much too long, and whose stubby ears were scarred and ragged, the latter the result of frequent battles with

A CHANGE OF STATE—Continued.

the neighborhood cats, and other dogs not quite to his liking. On this particular day the search was ended and Frisky, his miserable little heart crying out against the injustice of it all, lay grieving in the shade of the garage.

It was one of those hot, sultry days when even the drone of bees and insects seemed subdued and lazy. Not the merest fleck of white marred the bright, scrubbed blue of the sky and there was no sign to indicate coming relief from the strength-draining, intense heat. So it was that tempers were frayed and it needed but little to encourage them into a bright glow of anger, that boded ill for those who created the spark which inflamed them. Frisky was one of those unfortunates, doubly so, in fact, for, at any time, he might have chosen a more favourable location to dig in than Mrs. Hiller's garden, for she could never have been described as pleasant-natured at the best of times. Then to complete the escapade by wresting a large chunk of fur from the tail of her pet cat, was just too much. The irate lady had immediately gone to her telephone and informed Frisky's master of the disgraceful actions stating in no uncertain terms, just what she would do with an animal like that. Without further ado, the little dog had been dealt punishment sufficient to remind him of his misdeeds for some time to come.

His stubby nose, resting moodily on his paws, he silently denounced the world and all its human occupants. At length, he felt he would bear it no longer. He would run away. Perhaps when they found they no longer had a little dog they would be sorry and would want him back, but he wouldn't come. No, he would never come back. He hoped their consciences would forever punish them for the way they had ill-treated him.

Frisky stuck to his decision for about four hours. Six o'clock came and though he couldn't actually tell the time, he knew by the pleasant, tantalizing odors coming from the open kitchen doors along the streets, that supper-time was at hand. Somehow or other, he just couldn't seem to rid himself of the thought of his dish at home, piled high with food and nobody there to eat it. It really was a shame to waste it and after all, wasn't he a generous dog? For this once he would forgive his master and the rest of the family, but let them take heed, for next time he would not be so forgiving. No! indeed.

Dusk gathered a blessed cloak of restfulness over the heat-tried world and relieved the tension created by such an over-abundance of warmth. Frisky sat on the back porch, resting after the day's activities. He was feeling very contented. The supper had lived up to his highest expectations, and there had even been a welcome on the mat for him. He sighed contentedly and was about to close his eyes for a bit of the proverbial "forty winks," when he espied the Hiller cat walking jauntily along the fence, not just any old fence, but his very own fence.

"Well, of all the impudence!" he growled, his whiskers bristling furiously. He got to his feet and started briskly down the steps, his growl growing in momentum until it became a very healthy bark. The cat perched nonchalantly, just out of reach, gazed disinterestedly with yellow, expressionless eyes. Frisky leapt with fury at the offending feline, but at this point his attack was brought to a sudden, disappointing end by the sharp voice of his master calling to him. With a last angry "Gr-r-r-r," he abandoned his campaign and trotted haughtily into the house.

Frisky was not sorry after the tiring activities and annoyance of the day, when the time for bed arrived and he was able to settle down on his comfortable bed in the kitchen for a good night's rest. It seems, however,

A CHANGE OF STATE—Continued.

that there is always something or somebody to disturb the peace. In this case it wasn't just one, it was a whole covey, so it seemed, of mosquitoes. Frisky at length, in sheer desperation decided to move to the dining room. All went well for some time.

The sound of someone moving about awakened the little dog from his slumbers. He was distinctly annoyed. He had been dreaming of the cat he had previously attacked, and was just about to win a victory when his sleep was so rudely interrupted. Furthermore, it was his sensitive nose that told him it was a human being and it was not one that he knew. It was too much. All his old feeling of bitterness welled up and the sight of a leg in such close proximity suggested a mode of vengeance. If he couldn't have a cat, he'd have a man.

With a yelp, he leapt furiously and sunk his teeth into the flesh. From then on bedlam reigned. The man surprised by the vicious attack, tripped and fell headlong. The members of the family, awakened by the noise, came rushing in to seek the cause of it.

Frisky was the most bewildered of all. He had committed the unpardonable sin of biting someone and yet because that someone was called "burglar," it was quite permissible. At last this state of bliss was a blessed change from that of disgrace and in his doggy way he realized that for the first time in his life, he was a hero.

—Peggy Blair, Room 5.

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THE KING'S MEN (First Serious—English 2)

"God Save the King", our Empire, and the men who gallantly live, serving king and country. This, our glorious Empire, will live only as long as they, the Empire makers and protectors, go on doing their duty. Thus we, as humble members of the Empire "on which the sun never sets", give a silent prayer and bless these men—"Soldiers of the King."

Yes, this story about the British Empire and her soldiers is just another tale of the uncountable many,—of how deeds of valor are performed in the face of the enemy. True, there are many kinds of bravery. There is bravery when, in the early morning, it takes courage to leave warm blankets. How much more is required to walk, possibly unfed and sick, in cold, mud, and amidst death? There is bravery of the mind which makes the jerking nerves hold still and show nothing but a good example, or an enduring spirit that lasts out a long siege.

In the reign of the illustrious Queen Victoria, in the year 1856 on January 29, there was created the most famous order that a grateful sovereign could bestow on one of her subjects, a little, ugly bronze Maltese cross, decorated with a crowned lion atop and the inscription "For Valor", better known as the Victoria Cross. It is firmly stated in the warrant that "Neither rank, nor long service, nor wounds, nor any other circumstances shall be held to establish a sufficient claim to this order."

First Lieutenant Timberton was a young subaltern of a famous regiment of His Majesty's fighting forces which we will call the "Royal Regiment." To first perceive him in his brown tunic, left an impression of a neat appearance and immaculate clothes, for he bore the mark of the best groomed men in the world. He was one of the many to whom this ugly bronze cross was given.

THE KING'S MEN—Continued.

He was a youth in his early twenties when, in the hectic year of 1914, he answered his country's call to the colors. His birthplace was on a very far away western farm in the Dominion over the sea—Canada. His early years had been spent in that country near the nestling peaks of the majestic and proud Rockies. When he reached the age of twenty, he went to the birthplace of his ancestors to start work in a prosperous firm, the place having been secured for him by an old soldier friend of the family, who took a kindly interest in the lad.

The Royal Regiment was one of the first regiments to be placed in the western front line and participated in months of murderous fighting which took place against the Kaiser's own crack guards. Yes, there were shellings, attacks, raids, death and destruction. Yet somehow in those long twisting, winding, muddy trenches the true spirit of our boys was shown. Somehow, the clean and considerate man seemed to take hold of circumstances in the right way. Timberton was one of these.

It was on a dark and misty morning around six o'clock that the regiment was to advance, company by company, each with a certain objective to make the advance complete. Timberton's company was to go over the top at 6:15 and a heavy bombardment by a British artillery unit was taking place. Timberton stood nervously beneath a parapet consulting the illuminated dial of his watch—6:12. "My God, would it never reach 6:15?"

He nervously butted his cigarette under his hob-nailed boots. Now he steadily regarded the watch,—6:13,—6:14; now a death-like silence seemed to fall on this little group of men in that man created hell. The heavy bombardment was unheard, although it was actually fiercer now, with shining shells landing on the lines ahead in regular second apart intervals. Each man, whether officer or private, old or young, had his own revered thoughts. Many felt that their hour had come, but to die so that democracy might live on, and their loved ones across the Channel could live without fear of death overshadowing their daily lives, was good. Then, putting his small silver whistle to his lips, Timberton gave a shrill blast, followed by a terse, "Are you going, men?"

Timberton's company had a devastating piece of land to capture, over unseen trenches, across barbed wire that had been cut before by the sappers. As they clambered over the parapet, the men found themselves in a new world—a world of dying men, screaming in pain; a world of minute red flashes in which it truly seemed that hell had been let loose.

Timberton led his men to engage the enemy. Suddenly to the left, from beneath a little hummock in that land between the forces, there came a spattering cough, blind stabs of flame winging out with messages of death; a German machine-gun nest which, anticipating the attack, had moved up before daybreak and now, by their devastating work, Timberton and his men were going to be wiped out.

Who knows the thoughts that came to that youth? Perhaps the words flashed through his alert mind: "Wipe out that nest—or it's the end!" Men were falling rapidly now; the Maxim was doing its work. Then Timberton acted; he staggered, crawled, ran those few yards to the round camouflaged pillbox. He had already whipped out a Mills grenade, pulled the pin out, and then he threw it on its life saving course. This was quickly followed by two more well placed grenades; the nest was partially destroyed but two soldiers of the Fatherland still lived in that holocaust of ruin. The lieutenant had reached the nest, by a miracle, unwounded—perhaps through the help

THE KING'S MEN—Continued.

of a guardian angel or some other force of divinity—who knows? He clambered over the nest and jumped into the round pit. Two dull grey uniformed figures were trying to raise the cumbersome machine gun into action again. Four others lay around in horrible positions, with death written on their faces. True, those bombs were well aimed but two men still remained. His service revolver clutched in his hand, he shot one and then the other. The nest was wiped out—the attack could go on. The men had done good work while this deed of heroism was being carried out. The two armies were locked in a death struggle. Slowly the grey line receded and then came a mad retreat. The Royal Regiment had done its duty on that fearful morning. A message was flashed to headquarters, "Attack success—Royal Regiment occupying designated trench."

The regiment had won through but it had paid the price. Many were the blood stained khaki tunics lying on No Man's Land.

In far off Canada we find a sorrowful mother is opening a black-edged official war ministry letter. "Regret to announce that Lieutenant Timberton of C Company, Royal Regiment, is reported missing."

He, too, had paid the supreme sacrifice. Where he lay, only the Maker knew. Perhaps he was blown to pieces by flying shrapnel, perhaps a well placed bullet found its mark and he died out there in that battle of men, sinking to his death with pain edging out the words, "Onward men. Onward the Royals." Then a shell might have buried him in that mud, which was often to feel the dead weight of some young boy in those four years of untold heroism and bravery.

On the war records is to be found this entry—"Lieutenant Timberton Royal Regiment, Victoria Cross for bravery in the presence of the enemy. It is stated that the Order itself is a personal decoration, and the honor and glory of it belongs to the wearer, but he can only win it by forgetting himself and by working for something outside himself. I think this youth justly earned the little bronze cross. He paid the price as did many others—he was a true Soldier of the King."

Now, twenty years later, the great nations are again sounding ominous war notes. Uneasiness and unrest is the keynote of the great powers. Daily the training of men and the making of war machines goes on. Perhaps the youth of today will be called up just as they were twenty-five years ago, and as they did before, the gallant sons of the Empire will answer that call if it is just.

Let us, however, offer a prayer to God in tribute to the men who fell in the last struggle. "Please God, may the sounds of war be forever silenced on this world and in their stead the banner of peace reign among the nations of men." Let us pray that the word 'war' becomes a thing of the past and that foremost in our minds will be the symbol of Jesus Christ—Peace.

—Robin Smallwood.

INTRODUCTION TO SWING (First Humorous—Eng. 1)

This problem of what swing music is, and why, is quite important nowadays to me, as I am doing my best to play it; so I went up to the saxophone player at a dance the other night, and asked him how he did it. For the benefit of anyone else who aspires to the art of jamming, I will quote his reply.

INTRODUCTION TO SWING—Continued.

"Maybe you know Tod Jeffries," he said. "He's the maestro of the Rhythmaniacs, and if I do say so, there aren't many better bunches of cats in the business. As I was saying, Tod runs the 'maniacs, and runs 'em well, too, but when he was forming the band about three months ago, he was having a hard time rounding up his men.

"I didn't know Tod till I saw his ad in the 'Clarion,' but as I had left school, and was just killing time, I decided what he needed was a real swinger (not mentioning any names, but you know who I mean) on the clarinet and sax. Accordingly, I called over at his house that night, with my battered agony pipe under my arm. I hadn't played the sax for months, as I had sold mine, but he said in the ad that they were supplied, so I thought I would take a chance.

"When I pulled in, the rest of the bunch were already jamming, so Tod just showed me a sax and clarinet and told me to get in and jive. They were playing Jeepers Creepers," and I put in what I figured were some pretty hot licks. Just when I thought I had a contract cinched, Tod told me my gob work was pretty corny, but he'd hear what I could do on the sax before he threw me out. I felt a little cheap myself, because they had a few boys there who could really give. There was Red Baker who plays mean rhythm on his dog-house, and Bill Daniels who blows a red-hot slush-pump. The boys on the squeeze-box and squeak-box were strangers to me. Tod himself was getting real boogie-woogie out of his drums. This sort of gave me an inferiority complex, but I grabbed the sax, and prepared for a last try.

"Say, that two month lay-off really showed in my playing. I couldn't hit one note in ten that I wanted to, and I was really making a mess—no kidding. You could have knocked me down with a feather when they told me that was just what they wanted.

"I wasn't going to be beat on the gob though, so I took it again, and put all I had into it. Naturally, all I had came out, but it was a little changed because my B flat key was stuck open.

"'Well,' I says to me, 'I guess that just about busts your chances for a job in this band!'

"Well, I was some surprised when the boys crowded around and told me I had what it took. I couldn't get them to listen when I tried to explain, so I got the job. It's a good job, too, because we've got an offer to play in Vancouver this summer.

"Well—you want to know how I do it? I'll tell you. I just take off the B flat key on every instrument I play."

—Bob Pulleyblank.

GOING, GOING . . . ! (First Humorous—Eng. 2)

"Jack! Oh Jack!" Mrs. Morton called impatiently to her young son. "Have you seen your father's pocket-book anywhere? He'll be furious when he finds out it's gone. I've searched the house but I can't seem to locate it, Jack!"

"No, Mom, I haven't," Jack replied absently from behind his book. "Boy! this story's excitin'!"

"Jack! Get out of that chair at once and help me find it!" Mrs. Morton said angrily.

GOING, GOING . . . !—Continued.

"Find what, Mom?" Jack asked without looking up. "O.K., O.K.," he added as she stepped dangerously nearer, "I'll come."

"Your father's pocket-book! It'll be just awful if we can't find it," Mrs. Morton continued. "There was nearly fifty dollars in it. Now let me see—I laid it on the old rocker while I went to answer the telephone. The old rocker—my goodness!"

"What's the matter, Mom?" Jack asked anxiously.

"Where's the old rocker? It's gone!"

"Sure! The man from the auction place came and took it away. I thought it was O.K., so I let him. I knew you were expecting him."

"Jack! Oh, Heavens! What have you done? The pocket-book must have been on the chair when the man came. Didn't you see it?"

"No, Mom, I didn't."

"It must have fallen down behind the cushions in the chair then. You'll have to go to the auction rooms and get the chair back, that's all. And hurry! You must get back before your father comes home."

Desperately Jack rushed from the house and made his way to the auction rooms. He found the place packed with people. Anxiously he pushed his way through the crowd to the front. The auctioneer was thumping the table.

"Gone!" he shouted, and to Jack the word seemed an ill omen.

"Oh, excuse me," began Jack timidly.

"Sold to the gentleman in tweeds," the auctioneer roared. "Next article, please."

"Could I please speak to you a moment?" Jack screamed above the din.

"And here we have a beautiful hand-carved—a beautiful thing—exquisite in its loveliness—gorgeous—a lovely hand-carved tea-wagon. What am I bid?"

"Hey!" Jack howled, "if it isn't asking too much—"

"What am I bid?" the auctioneer asked again. "Do I hear ten dollars?"

"One dollar!" someone shouted.

"One dollar! Think of it! Are you going to let a gorgeous—"

"Two dollars!"

"Ladies and gentlemen! I ask you! Two dollars!"

"Three!"

It was Jack who shouted the word in desperation. Somehow he must talk to this man.

"Going for three!" the auctioneer roared. "Do I hear any more? Going for three—sold to the young man with blond hair. A wonderful bargain, sir!—worth at least twenty! Pay at the desk, please."

Hardly knowing what he was doing, Jack handed over three dollars from his precious savings.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen," the auctioneer resumed, "we have a charming novelty—a beautiful stuffed parrot. What am I bid?"

"Twenty-five cents!"

"What! Why, it's ridiculous! To think that this delightful—do I hear fifty cents?"

Jack waved his hand frantically. "May I speak to you, please?" he shouted.

"Sold for fifty cents, to the young man with the blond hair!" the auctioneer announced. "That's the spirit we like to see, folks,—always willing to enter the fun!"

GOING, GOING . . . !—Continued.

It was perhaps twenty minutes later when Jack emerged from the auction sale wheeling a "beautiful hand-carved tea-wagon" loaded with (a) an enlarged photograph of somebody's grand-uncle Fred in a missive frame, (b) two dilapidated hot water bottles, (c) a moth-eaten stuffed parrot, (d) a Mickey Mouse that danced when wound, and (e) a set of rusty garden tools complete with hose. He had finally discovered that the rocking-chair had been sold to a man named Smith, who lived a few blocks away. Swiftly Jack made his way to the house and rang the bell. The door was answered by a man in shirt-sleeves. He gave an agonized look at Jack and his purchases.

"We don't want any," he said, starting to close the door.

"Wait!" Jack cried in desperation. "Is your name Smith?"

"Yes, but—"

"Joseph Smith?"

"Yes, but not the one you want," the man said, beginning to close the door. "There are lots of Smiths, you know."

"You are the one I want," Jack protested.

"I told you before we don't want any. If my wife promised you she'd buy some it was a mistake. She's subject to spells during which she says the most unaccountable things. You must forgive her. She can't help not being quite right in the head." Furtively Mr. Joseph Smith glanced round. "And now if you'll excuse me—" he added.

"Just a minute," Jack interrupted, beginning to think that perhaps Mrs. Smith wasn't the only one. "I'm not selling anything. Your wife didn't promise me anything, and furthermore I won't keep you a minute."

"That still sounds like somebody trying to sell something," Mr. Smith said suspiciously.

Jack ignored the remark.

"Did you buy a rocking-chair this afternoon?" he asked.

"I did, and I don't want it insured."

Jack explained that he wasn't an insurance man, and he wasn't there to demonstrate cleaning furniture. He merely wanted to know if they'd found a wallet containing fifty dollars behind the cushions of the chair, and if they had, it belonged to Jack's father.

"Was it a pigskin one?" the man asked.

"Yes," Jack said eagerly.

"Medium size?"

"Yes, yes!"

"Did it have an identification card in it?" Smith asked again.

"That's it," Jack exclaimed, "where is it?"

"I haven't seen it," the man told him.

Jack asked himself was it all worth it . . . why had he been such a fool as to get dragged into all this?

"Look," he said slowly, "All I ask is that you let me see the chair and search it. That's ALL I ask."

"Well—all right," said Mr. Smith grudgingly. "But I still don't see why the menagerie."

After a thorough search of half an hour, Mr. Smith and Jack desisted from their labors defeated and exhausted. The most thorough search of the chair and its upholstery failed to reveal any sign of the wallet.

It was a disgruntled Jack who dragged weary feet and a tea-wagon laden with bounty up the steps of the Morton house.

"Goodness, Jack," Mrs. Morton exclaimed. "What's all this?"

GOING, GOING . . . !—Continued.

"Just some things I bought at the auction sale," Jack told her.

"What!" Mrs. Morton exclaimed. "Where are we going to put all that stuff? A tea-wagon, of all things! And we only sold the rocking-chair because we hadn't anywhere to put it. What on earth possessed you to get all that junk?"

"Oh, stuffed parrots can be used for almost anything—a paper-weight, an ornament, a pin-cushion, or, failing that—"

"The house is full of paper-weights and pin-cushions—"

"Mom," Jack interrupted despairingly, "about that pocket-book—"

"Pocket-book? What pocket-book? Oh, you mean your father's. You'd never guess where I found it. Would you believe it? It was in the pocket of my old apron all the time!"

—Julie Carsley.



THE STRUGGLE

(First Serious)

I stood upon a river bank—a river bank at dusk,
My soul it seemed had gone from me—my body just a husk,
I gazed upon the rising swirls—my mind in bleak despair
And hoped to find the courage to end my troubles there.

The wind howled out a funeral dirge—a funeral dirge for me,
It whipped the lashing waters and beckoned gleefully;
And then my eye it chanced upon a struggle in the deep,
While the life that I had held with scorn, a creature fought to keep.

A little beaver struggled there—struggled there in vain:
He fought against that current with all his might and main;
His little home was swept away, the bridge that he had hewn
Was dashed to pieces 'gainst the rocks—his little world in ruin.

And yet he was not daunted—not daunted or afraid—
He lifted up his little head and for the shore he made;
With bated breath I watched him—he's there, he's made the shore—
I breathed a prayer of thankfulness that he could live once more.

Then with a sudden knowledge—a knowledge clear and true—
I knew he'd start all over to build his world anew;
And as I walked back thru the darkness, my soul at last was light,
For from that little beaver I had learned the way to fight.

—May Farrell, Room 2.



The spinster shocked by the language used by two men repairing telephone wires near her house wrote to the company to complain. The foreman was ordered to report the happening to his superior.

"Me and Bill Winterbottom were on this job," he reported. "I was up the telephone pole and accidentally let hot lead fall on Bill, and it went down his neck. Then he called up to me, 'You really must be more careful, Harry'."

GOD'S GREATEST WORK (Second Serious)

Why is it that the skies above are blue?—
The fleecy cloudlets of the purest white?
What makes the evening sky that crimson hue?
What makes the night so dark, the day so bright?
What makes the grass beneath my feet so green;
A velvet carpet sweeping o'er the lea?
And how the sun shines softly on this scene
And yet disturbs it not, I cannot see.
And then again I often wonder why
The daisies nod their heads when breezes blow—
The breezes that come gently stealing by,
Then disappear—oh, whither do they go?
God only knows the answer to these "whys";
'Twas He that gave them to me, fresh and new
To let me see. He opened wide my eyes
And I perceived the beauty in them too.

—Betty Watson, Room 2.

PEACE OR PROGRESS (Third Serious)

From out of the darkness of the north,
A sullen drone is heard;
A dim light high up in the heavens
Heralds the man-made bird.
Under the silver of the moon
The big bird wings its way,
As in my mind are kindled
Thoughts of a bygone day.
Not long ago in the "Book of Time",
Over a prairie trail,
A daring rider on his horse
Rode with the precious mail.
Now through man's great progress
The silver bird does fly,
And flashes its cargo of precious mail
Under a startled sky.
As in the darkened distance,
The plane soon fades from sight,
Fate has thus mysteriously fixed
One thought in my mind this night.
Man must ever strive onward;
Progress shall never cease.
But, through the growing hours of time,
We must ever strive for:—Peace.

—David Moulding, Room 4.

TONGUE-TIED (First Humorous)

"I'm here asking, Mary dear—
And here he paused awhile
To collect his words;
With something of a smile,
A smile that found its image
In a face of beauteous mold,
Whose sparkling eyes were peeping
From 'broidery of gold.

"I've come to ask you, Mary dear,
If—" then he stopped again,
As if his heart had bubbled o'er
And overflowed his brain.
His lips were twitching nervously
Over what they had to tell,
And timed the quavers with the eyes
That gently rose and fell.

"I've come—" and then he took her hands
And held them in his own,
"To ask—" and then he watched the buds
That on her cheeks had blown.
"My pretty dear—" and then he heard
The throbbing of her heart,
That told that love had entered in
And claimed its every part.

"Oh, don't tease me," said she,
With just the faintest sigh—
"I've sense enough to see you've come,
But what's the reason why?"
"To ask—" and once again his tongue
Forebore its sweet message to tell,
"To ask—if Mrs. Murphy
Has any eggs to sell!"

—Norman McLean, Room 4.

SHORT SHORT STORY

The seconds sped away like winged measures as the moment of our doom approached. The more timid shook vividly with horror while the brave feigned nonchalance. Every eye was glued on the clock as the hour fast approached. Not a sound could be heard in the room and the sweat beaded on the brow of the man in charge as his action in the next few minutes might change his life. Down the bleak cold marble hall came those footsteps approaching ever nearer our cell. At the door they stopped and there sounded a knock like the falling of an axe. The quaking teacher swallowed nervously and trudged shakily to the door. In walked THE INSPECTOR.

—The Collegiate.

DISA CAR OF MINE (Second Humorous)

I cranka da car
But she wonta run;
Theesa automobile
Sheesa sawn of a gun.
Shesa stop in da middle
Of da street upa town;
I look in da carb'retor
But sheesa no drown.
I pusha da clutch in,
I shaka da wheel,
Knocka da brake,
Da horn I feel.
I stoppa da car,
I getta da tow
For two or t'ree blocks,
But she a no go.
I look in da tank,
Wat I see—yas!
Sawn of a gun,
Shesa outa da gas.

—Frank Silver.

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SPEED or "It Pays to Take Your Time." (Third Humorous)

This is the age of hurry up, there's no time to go slow,
We've just got time to make it, I think you ought to know.
Everything is built for speed; the car, the aeroplane,
Sometimes I wonder if we are quite sane.

For instance, there's the high-powered car that passes on the hill,
They come so close they side-swipe you, your heart seems to stand
still.

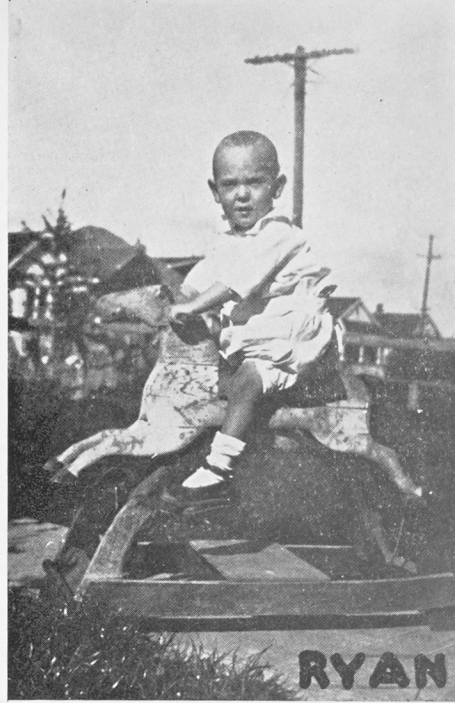
You wonder what they're driving at, as all choked up with dust,
You strive to keep your temper, and mutter in disgust.

Then some car you'll see approaching at a most atrocious speed
Right in the middle of the road; imagine some folks' greed!
You recognize the road-hog—I think he's rightly named,
So driving with great caution, you give him all he's claimed.

How lovely on a summer day to calmly bowl along
Humming a little tune or maybe singing a song.
You've a better chance to stop, you know, should disaster loom ahead
Than the man who just tore past you,—he probably is dead.

So in this age of hurry up, when things are built for speed,
Let's observe the "Stop Signs" and loiter while we read.
I've written these few verses and tried to make them rhyme,
In the hope that you'll remember that it pays to take your time.

—Tom Wilson.



Undergraduates . . .

BIOGRAPHIES OF ROOM 1

Sam Belzburg—

Political View: "What this country needs is a 2 for 5 cent cigar with free matches."

Bill Brown—

A good track performer who loves hockey and horses.

Harry Brown—

Seldom seen without Frank Speakman. A mechanic who experiments with Ned's car.

Arthur Buckwell—

Quite popular with the girls in spite of his hat. Prefers the coast to school in September and October.

Jim Clarke—

Even though Jim came from Three Hills his drawl certainly came from the sunny south. Is a fine goalkeeper for Senior Hockey.

Bruce Collins—

Played Junior Rugby. According to reports is a social light.

Dick Corbet—

Played Junior Rugby and although you wouldn't know it to look at him, he gets high marks.

Art Follet—

Member of the Students' Council and a great hockey, rugby and horn player—recently lost two front teeth in the struggle for cleaner hockey.

Dave Dworkin—

Although small, he's dynamite . . . especially on the basketball floor.

Grant Dunsmore—

Energetic in Junior Hockey and Rugby, but his vitality seems to fail him in school.

Glen Dunn—

Small and blond. A connoisseur of literature and is quite popular.

Harvey Delane—

Arrives at school just before the second bell—most of the time.

Bill Cummer—

Spark in the Junior Rugby line. Was fairly popular before the *Analecta* was issued.

Tim Corbet—

Height 6 ft. 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ in. Central's biggest cheering section and super-promoter of grandstand fights . . . "Yea Central; Boo Western."

Ronald Funnell—

Quiet, but he seems to do his homework the most regularly of anyone in Room 1.

Ted Geffen—

Starred at the broad jump in the track-meet and as Maude in "The Florist Shop," in dramatics.

Cyril Goble—

He is quiet and seems to get along all right with everyone including the teachers.

Orren Matson—

Hefty, good-natured lad from Claresholm who played Senior Rugby.

Bob Hahn—

Played Intermediate Rugby. Halfway to becoming No. 1 wit. Is a past-master at the art of eyebrow raising.

BIOGRAPHIES OF ROOM 1—Continued.

Ned Hanning—

His chief interest is in his car, which he tears apart and assembles with Harry Brown's help.

Ray Heinbecker—

Model aero champ. No one is safe while he or his candid camera are around.

John Robertson—

Has a good time laughing at feeble jokes in Geometry.

Lorne Roberts—

Has naturally (?) wavy hair which helps his popularity. Plays Senior Basketball.

Don Shaw—

Gets high marks in the school and second fiddles around in the orchestra.

Ted Page—

A boy scout who does his good deeds with pea-shooters, sling-shots, paper pellets, etc.

Jack Martin—

Plays hockey. Seems to be more at home in the social world than at school.

Don Jones—

Aspires to be a jitter-bug and has a fad for plaids. Pals around with Bill Cummer.

Joe Spencer—

Tried Sulphuric Acid as a beauty treatment for his complexion with damage to the nose. (Now he knows better.)

Bob Robertson—

Popular as a member of Kappa Kappa Tau, Junior Hockey team and water-boy for the Junior Rugby Team.

Alastair Ross—

A lad with unruly hair who is always ready for work or trouble. Plays good hockey.

Gordon Sellar—

Played good Intermediate Rugby and Hockey. Is a member of Kappa Kappa Tau.

Paul Planche—

Is rather quiet in school. Goes around with Staines and Campbell.

John Shipley—

Another one of our Candid Camera fiends. Also an artist.

Frank Spcakman—

Is a member of the Spokes Club and takes an interest in School Activities.

Harry Wood—

An artist of super ability . . . who paints as well as he draws.

Brian Grineau—

Claimant to the title of smallest Grade XI student in the city. Is picked on as a victim of the make-up geniuses during dramatics.

Bert Calloway—

Broke his leg playing Senior Rugby and collected quite a few autographs on the cast. Popular member of the Students' Council.

Irvine Kelsey—

Big, blonde brute who sports a Senior Rugby sweater and plays a Sax. in the School Orchestra.

BIOGRAPHIES OF ROOM 1—Continued.

Alec McGregor—

A quiet, dark complexioned lad who shows up to advantage in art classes.

Wallace Wright—

We can't think of anything more to write, but that's all right because he's all right.

Malcolm Walton—

Another big brain who is popular with most of the boys and all of the girls.

John Wittaker—

Still another high-marker . . . was a woman hater till Grade X girls got to work.

Bill Vanner—

Small and dark. Claims his interest in school and homework is waning.



BIOGRAPHIES OF ROOM 6

Jean Merrifield—

Jean's merry laugh breaks the silence of the Chem. Lab. Helps to keep her corner of the room up and doing.

Florence Chambers—

A jovial miss who always finds time to enjoy herself. Interested in fencing and rugby.

June Lindley—

A quiet girl who is loads of fun when you get to know her. Finds Social Studies is the bane of her existence.

Lois Fenwick—

A jolly person who makes life worth while for the rest of us. Adorns the Biology Lab. with fingernail polish.

Claire Jackson—

Is our Room Representative and a popular Hi-Y girl. Finds time to doze in Biology periods. A swell girl with a permanent grin.

Dorothy Maginley —

A pert little miss who holds her own in schoolwork. A new member of the Hi-Y.

Jeanette Crawford—

Leads the race in schoolwork. A Kappa Zi member very rarely seen without Donna.

Hazell Moore—

A Hi-Y girl and a musician following in the steps of Deanna Durbin. Enlightens us in Social Studies. Jean's pal.

Margaret Macaulay—

Time would hang heavy on our hands without this little miss. Knows everything in Social Studies.

Pat Denault—

Enjoys Geometry to the utmost in that corner along with—we wonder who?

Gwen Henderson—

Another Sarah Bernhardt in the making.

BIOGRAPHIES OF ROOM 6—Continued.

Margery Jones—

Keeps on chewing pencils and playing the piano. A good customer of the public library.

Joan MacLean—

This Hi-Y girl is crazy about aeroplanes and hopes to be a second Amelia Earhart.

Frances Gurevitch—

The one who does all the talking for the rest of the girls.

Ruth Gurevitch—

Another Hi-Y member who loves Social Studies (?) Everythir sounds funny to this ardent musician.

Vera Freeman—

A musician of great renown, pianist and violinist.

Margaret Campbell—

Member of the Kappa Zi. Enjoys cracking jokes in Biology period.

Arlene Price—

Popular member of the Kappa Zeta Beta. A swell girl and one of our biographers.

Lucille Ilott—

Her biggest worry is her hair. A whizz-bang in art and an ardent sports fan who specializes in cleaning skating rinks sitting down.

Annabelle Groberman—

Room 6's professional giggler. Likes playing with acids in Chem. Tags along with Frances.

Donna Calder—

A very interested sports fan. Made a Kappa Zi member last year. Keeps up with the rest of the gang in her studies.

Charlotte Kelly—

Popular addition to the Kappa Zeta Beta Sorority, whose curly brunette locks are the admiration of many.

Vera Davies—

The merry little red head of the Kappa Zeta Beta who keeps the boys busy.

Evelyn Orr—

Is the constant companion of Connie Still. Ambition: to improve at golf.

Mary Awcock—

Delights in solving the problems of others. Makes one corner of the Chem. Lab. a little noisier.

Marjorie Rhynes—

A brunette chatterbox who makes the Geometry period interesting for her neighbors.

Betty Duley—

A smile of innocence did hide
The little devil that lurked inside.

Dorothy Nielsen—

Frequently astonishes us with her ingenious hair-styles.

Connie Still—

Hobby: dancing. Ambition: to see as many shows as possible. Chief worry: Latin.

BIOGRAPHIES OF ROOM 6—Continued.

Marjorie Tanner—

Her smile helps to brighten our dim corridors. Marjorie has a gift for Dramatics—watch her.

Jean Redman—

Fret and fever, stress and strife will not trouble her tranquil life. A member of the Students' Council, and the Alpha Gamma.

Nora Johnson—

They might not need me, but they might;
I'll let my head be just in sight.

Mary Newcombe—

Mary gets a hundred lines for just turning around so she likes a back seat.

Doris Thorssen—

This little blond miss is a surprising mixture of brains and beauty.

Frances Campbell—

Singing popular songs is her delight, but, somehow the words don't come out just right.

Jean Weir—

A Hi-Y member who enjoys her share of the fun, and work. She struggled with Biographies too.

Phyllis Goodridge—

Seems to have an unlimited amount of energy and never runs out of a subject to talk about.

Gwen McLean—

Hobby: music. Ambition: to be a skier. We like the twinkle in her eye.

Jean Riddle—

It is better to be small and shine
Than to be great and cast a shadow.

Ruth Fee—

Is shy and subject to blushing, but has a merry smile and a pleasant word for everyone.

Nora Lundy—

Good at everything but making a noise.

Kay North—

Often deprives us of the pleasure of her company—but she makes up for it when she returns.

BIOGRAPHIES OF ROOM 7

Geoffrey Bate—

A curly read-headed lad with a bright and sunny smile. Represents Room 7 on the Students' Council. Likes all sports, especially lacrosse.

Gordon Bried—

Is just another boy who believes in flashy socks and lots of noise while walking. Is a good sport.

Jack McComb—

Is a tall and dark chap . . . finds French a hard nut and is still trying to crack it . . . enjoys all sports, excels at high jumping.

Albert Feary—

Is quite a punster, enjoys all sports. Plays hockey for the school, and also for the Seven-Up's.

BIOGRAPHIES OF ROOM 7—Continued.

Harold Gugins—

His hobby seems to be collecting detentions. We wonder if he gets through the day without one. Another growing geologist.

Don Head—

Is one of the very few quiet boys in Room 7. Is a hard worker and a good marksman.

Phil Illingsworth—

Is a very tall youth who always does his homework. Gets a great kick out of pronouncing large words.

Doug. Ilott—

Has blond, curly hair and a cheery smile. Enjoys his schooling, although he is still trying to get on the right side of Physics.

Bill Love—

Is the growing chemist and dramatist of Room 7. Enjoys good jokes and nearly all sports.

Noel Langham—

Has been with the Navy Reserve for over a year now and is becoming quite a sailor. Plays most sports, excels at rugby.

Fred Maiden—

Is a very quiet and ambitious boy. Likes all sports, basketball and baseball especially.

Fred Mackay—

Has black, curly hair which all the girls admire. Plays most sports, but best of all, hockey.

Terry McCloy—

A swell guy but a hot Irishman. Has a cheery grin and is a snappy dresser. Plays a good game of hockey and hates all Englishmen.

Bill Paulson—

Even though he is the smallest boy in the room, he is a swell kid . . . you can always borrow his homework, too.

Jack Rhodes—

Is always doing his work when he isn't looking at the girl friend, which is most of the time.

Tom Rowan—

Enjoys getting detentions or getting them for his friends. Plays a good game of both basketball and baseball.

Charlie Seal—

Is both a scholar and sleeper. Plays in the School Orchestra and hates all sports.

Dick Soley—

Enjoys all social events. Is a new member of the Calgary Ski Club. Believes in hard work and an equal amount of fun.

Doug. Webb—

Is another small boy of Room 7. Finds it hard to do his Physics but hopes to get through some day.

Tom Yearwood—

We don't know what to do with Tom . . . does his homework, but is it right?. Anyhow, he likes all sports.

Ralph Young—

Gets to school before any of the teachers and boy, does he like his candy.

BIOGRAPHIES OF ROOM 7—Continued.

Dora Butler—

A new-comer to the school files, this year. She migrated from Rocky Mountain House where she played a nice game of softball.

Audrey Dykes—

Audrey's favorite sport is skating. She hopes to be a teacher at Central when she grows older.

Geraldyn Flett—

She is the smallest girl in the room. Works hard and is well liked by all who know her.

Aileen Filteau—

Is an active member of the Kappa Zi Sorority. Enjoys all sports, excels at swimming and gets a great kick out of coming to school with her hair done up.

Una Hainsworth—

Even though she doesn't come to school till the third period, when she does, we are all aware of her happy smile. Pals around with Pearl and Gladys. Is liked by all.

Arla King—

A room with Arla in it is seldom quiet. She is a member of the Kappa Sigma Delta Sorority.

Mary MacRae—

Mary has the happy knack of always having her homework on hand when it is needed.

Jean Nelson—

Enjoys skating but excels at ping-pong. Is secretary of the local club in Calgary.

Gladys Oldaker—

Blond, curly hair. She rides horse-back, draws well and plans on becoming a hair dresser.

Emmy Olsen—

Emmy on graduating from Central intends to train for nursing either here or in Vancouver. Enjoys sewing immensely.

Jean Pecover—

Jean is a lover of books and is always drawing caricatures of her fellow class-mates. Intends to be a journalist.

Mary Scarlett—

Kicks around with Shirley most of the time. Has a hard time some mornings to be in the room by the last bell. Likes leather heels on her shoes and lots of gum to chew.

Pearl Slater—

Pearl is Gladys' sidekick. She enjoys skating, swimming and dancing and says she intends to "just marry" when she finishes school.

Lois Staback—

Is an industrious C.G.I.T. worker. Lois intends to study nursing on leaving Central.

Edna Tambling—

Like the majority of us her favorite sports are skating and swimming. Edna wants to become a dietician.

Dorothy Tempest—

She is the secretary of the Alpha Gamma Sorority and our Room Representative. Dorothy is a ski enthusiast.

BIOGRAPHIES OF ROOM 8

Jack McDonald—

Played Rugby for the Intermediates. Hopes to pass in French someday.

Barry Baker—

Quiet and good-looking. Ambition is to blow a glass bubble in Chemistry.

Eldon McKinley—

A new-comer to C.C.I. A favorite with the girls.

Gilbert Dietiker—

His curly hair attracts everything, including red-heads. Always trying to borrow someone's homework at the last minute.

Louis Wex—

Helps the gum manufacturers out. Adept at learning memory work.

Charles Hamilton—

A budding musician. Likes to play tragic roles in Dramatics.

Jim Carpenter—

Plays bad man roles in Dramatics and then sits up all night.

Arthur Howard—

Sports the nickname of "Horse." Adept at looking innocent in Social Studies.

Gordon MacLean—

One of Room 8's little men. A reader of Western Magazines.

Ross Cleave—

Adds a bit of humour to the class. A prospective actor.

Dick Bond—

Sleeps in the back seat. A notable sportsman.

Doug. Austin—

A front seat doesn't seem to hamper Doug. Dances like a second-hand road grader.

Cliff Watts—

A great friend of the teachers, judging by the detentions. No dull moments in class with Cliff around.

Fred Wetherall—

Member of the Junior Hockey Team. Another friend of the teachers.

Ted Chapman—

Blond, wavy hair. Reading dime novels keeps him fairly quiet.

Jack Staines—

Member of the Juniors, both Hockey and Rugby. Our Room Representative.

Mac Mackenzie—

Often heard in dramatics saying, "Two cents please." Fair and good looking.

Tom Poapst—

Played Intermediate Rugby. The girls seem to like Tommy. Did the humor for the Analecta.

Ian Stuart—

Intermediate water boy. Adds life to Room 8.

Tom Coulter—

Little Thomas sits in the far corner and occupies three desks. Brains of Table 2 in Chem.

Mac Love—

One of the quieter members of Room 8. Usually writing outlines.

BIOGRAPHIES OF ROOM 8—Continued.

Archie Campbell—

A good sport. Has been seen around school in some rather loud hockey sweaters.

Ian Mann—

Tall, dark and handsome. Darney has a preference for blondes.

Art Houck—

Has a reputation for quietness. We suspect he sleeps a good deal of the time.

Don Conacher—

One of Room 8's best actors. His high squeaky voice comes in for a lot of fun—and detentions.

Eric Brock—

Wears a perpetual grin. Doesn't believe in homework.

Kent Green—

A distinguished gentleman (?) with nice wavy hair.

Terry McLoy—

This fair-haired Irish lad keeps the room in good spirits.

Tom Williams—

His curly red hair certainly doesn't keep him out of arguments.

Jim Adams—

One of our best dancers. Has dark wavy hair.

Don Davies—

Suzie sits in a front seat and laughs himself into detentions.

Jack Macbeth—

This cheery Centralite plays hockey, chews "Sweet Laurel" gum and belongs to the Kappa Kappa Tau.

Kaye Luke—

A gorgeous blonde who would add life to any class.

Florence Fowler—

This country girl seems to be a swell kid and an ardent student, but we very seldom hear from her.

Dorothy Coffin—

A dark-haired lass who's a favorite (?) in English. An active member of the Alpha Gamma.

Ileene Cuttle—

Although very petite, we hear she gets around. A student kept busy between the Sol Morina's Sorority and the Maccabees Lodge.

Roxy Anderson—

By the looks of her marks, she can afford to talk a lot with Ileene. In the Omega Zeta Rho.

Marie Weir—

Not so long ago she uttered her first musical note. A genius at the keyboard. Kappa Sigma Delta.

Thelma Hill—

"Ducky hasn't seen light after all these long years. A real card at hair do's. Kappa Sigma Delta.

Margaret Buchan—

Marg. is very popular with everyone, especially boys. Spends every spare moment at the Mount Royal Skating Rink.

Marjorie Martin—

Has made a name for herself as leader of a Social Studies group. Hopes to be a nurse.

BIOGRAPHIES OF ROOM 8—Continued.

Olive McKay—

A serious student who uses her silence for brainwork. Enjoys C.G.I.T.

Myrta Steward—

'Tis rumoured this popular member of the Omega Iota started chewing gum shortly after birth. She hasn't stopped yet.

Charlie Kennedy—

Played Junior Rugby for us. Was left outside—too bad.

Lemond Canfield—

Lemond is that short, dark fellow you often see sleeping in Geometry. The answer to a maiden's prayer.



BIOGRAPHIES OF ROOM 9

Barbara Benner—

Quiet and well liked, with a smile for everyone. One of our Social Studies experts.

Margaret Hurst—

Responsible for a lot of noise in Lit. period. Noted for staying away from school four days out of five.

Alberta Lamont—

Another of Room 9's talkers. Wears smart clothes and bright lipsticks.

Shirley MacFarlane—

An intelligent blonde who knows something about schoolwork. Often heard asking questions no one else thinks of.

Margaret Jefferson—

Noted for creating a stir in our Bookkeeping period. Always grinning and chewing gum.

Gerry Dicken—

Seen trucking from one period to another. Her section of the room is one of the noisiest. A future singer (?)

Roberta Gardiner—

Incessantly smiling, she is lots of fun. Causes much of the disturbance in French. Quite a flirt.

Julie Carsley—

A Hi-Y girl with a friendly nature. Often found writing poetry when she should be doing French.

Marjorie Thompson—

You think her quiet until you get to know her. Has most of her fun on the way to school.

Billie Mills—

A rare type of individual. She's quiet (?) in school. Hopes to get by without doing any homework.

Margaret Anderson—

A good-looking brunette with a winning smile. Takes things as they come and never worries over undone homework.

Jean Conway—

Has a cheery word for everyone. Goes in for fancy skating. No doubt Jean will be C.C.I.'s Sonja Henie.

BIOGRAPHIES OF ROOM 9—Continued.

Bette Edmanson—

A member of the Kappa Sigma Delta and Hi-Y. Lives to attend parties and other such entertainments.

Doris Eastham—

Swings a mean badminton racket. Has innocent blue eyes and is often found writing poetry in Lit. and Chem. periods.

Betty McRoberts—

A zealous badminton player and a popular Hi-Y member. Aspires to invent an automatic line-writer.

Mildred Baines—

One of our dramatic artists (?) A quiet girl with a nice smile. She likes opening and closing windows in Lit. period.

Rose Coulter—

Aspires to be an actress. Always has an answer for Social Studies. A friendly little girl.

Edythe Crabbe—

Spends her Algebra period making faces. Quite a skater and an authoritative critic of our local rinks.

Ingrid Franzen—

A fair-haired lass who is rarely seen without Dorothy. She enters into everything gaily.

Dorothy Duthie—

Favorite sports: skating and the movies. Psst! We think it's Robert Taylor.

Gerry Stevens—

A swell sport who is interested in everything that goes on. Her favorite pastime is flirting.

Barbara Tigner—

Enjoys sports and taking part in plays. Her impish grin cheers up her cellmates in Room 9.

Florence Asselstine—

This jolly lass has a smile for everyone. Always helping out people who forget things. Hopes to be another Eleanor Powell.

Rene Blaylock—

Dashes in the room, grabs her books to get into French period on time. Then we hear her say, "Oh, I forgot my book."

Betty Hall—

A dark-haired girl who gets a headache from blowing glass in the Chem. Lab. You get good results (?)

Doreen Henry—

An active member of the Hi-Y. Her great ambition is to become a lady. Making faces in English won't help.

Onolee Harris—

A new girl who is quite a live wire in French. With her funny remarks the periods are not boring.

Hilda Stephenson—

A new-comer who has a genius for getting into trouble in English class.

Kay Jewette—

Room 9's red-head. She doesn't say much but we hear her talking to Dot Duthie during classes.

BIOGRAPHIES OF ROOM 9—Continued.

Helen Marek—

A quiet girl with a big heart. She shines in her subjects and lends notebooks.

Marjorie Brown—

A blue-eyed girl who dropped into Calgary in 1922. A real student.

Gwen Richardson—

A clever girl who is continually losing her dad's fountain pen and then finding it again.

Shirley Darnbrough—

A brunette who tries out many new hair styles. She's also very witty in classes.

Gladys Boothman—

A blonde who hopes to become a singer (?). We hear her hitting the high C's in music.

Doris Kerr—

There's a little devil dancing in her laughing eyes. Noted for her steady stream of chatter in class. 'Nough said!

Betty Kline—

Seldom speaks in classes but lets herself go in Geometry. Pals around with Sarah.

Sarah Sidorsky—

Has a monopoly on all the brains of the class. She takes time to talk too.

Marjorie Bailie—

She has never been known to hurry in her life. Talks a lot but seems to escape lines.

Dorothy Walford—

We see her truckin' down the street with Marg. Burland these days. Talks a lot and is seen winking in English. A Council member.

Gwen Simmons—

A smart gal with dark hair. Always getting lines for humming and talking to herself.

Garry Tarves—

A saucy little red-head. Has quite a collection of late slips and is adding steadily to them.

Jane Jones—

Our petite little miss. She takes all the marks in Art and is continually forgetting her Physics text.



BIOGRAPHIES OF ROOM 10

Carman Bliss—

A poet in reverse. This lad is long and rangy, leaving little room for verse. Fond of helping others do his homework.

Campbell Gordon—

Here's another who's fond of doing square-roots or at least, the teacher seems to think so.

Alf Cassidy—

He hails from Colonel Walker—you know, way out there. There's plenty in him in spite of his size.

BIOGRAPHIES OF ROOM 10—Continued.

George Cowan—

Seems to lose his school books when needed most. Among the minerals he's happy.

Doug. Elves—

Master of the fine art of piccolo playing. How he forces such sweet music out of that is beyond us.

Stuart Gell—

His ambition is to learn Latin perfectly. We wish you luck, Stuart.

Gordon Campbell—

Blower of the horn and blower of the ladies. Wants a Ph.D. We think he's got something there.

Stan. Gregory—

Our master at saying nothing and doing plenty. Looks quite wise behind those spectacles.

Ian Gunn—

Reluctantly disclosed his ambition to be a ditch-digger or was it a doctor. He's large and strong, so either is suitable.

Herbert Gutman—

Professor of Social Studies. Fond of scrapping, consequently sees plenty of square roots.

Earl Holland—

Seldom seen without a two-wheeled vehicle with handles. Also seldom seen not working hard.

Gordon Humes—

Tall and blond, girls. Says little but takes in plenty.

Archie Knight —

Rises with the morn to deliver the news and rises from his desk to deliver his views.

Sam Loshaek—

Better looking than most of us. Has a blond, curly carpet covering his head.

Morley Luft—

Factoring polynomials or pyramid building is equally play to this tall, dark young man.

Gordon McAdam—

Star centre of the Junior Rugby team. He's also centre of a big five from this room.

Hugh McMillan—

Known as "Unc" to his confederates. His ambition is to escape the 4 o'clock Latin class.

Maurice Malloy—

Marvellous his ability to answer questions with a psychological point of view and what have you.

Murray Picken—

"Guitarist of the century." The troubadour who strums his way through good times and bad—even school.

Bob Pulleyblank—

Ambitious player of the clarinet and twice winner of scholarships. Good luck, Bob.

Bob Soley—

The snow flies, the crowd yells as this graceful skier flies by on his barrel staves.

BIOGRAPHIES OF ROOM 10—Continued.

Roy Brandreth—

"Touchdown" starred on the Junior Rugby team. He is a new Hi-Y member.

Hugh Bruce—

He wishes every one in the world were 65. He intends to be a mortician and it would help business.

Bob Buckley—

Bob's chief claim to fame is that he can get hot on the piano. Also provides the boiler section of the orchestra.

Bob Hallatt—

"Tweet" played capable goal for the Junior Hockey team. Hates detentions because they make him miss his street-car.

Walter Luyendyk—

Walt. shines in tumbling and Algebra. His hobby is folk-dancing.

Keith MacGregor—

Played guard on the Junior Rugby team. He is noted for his incalculable verbosity.

Cedric Maclean—

Cedric is an enthusiastic skier. Has a paper route for an excuse to escape detentions.

Bob Potter—

One of the quieter individuals in the room, but is always ready to join in any fun that's going.

Doug. Malcolm—

Doug. is a little fellow whose hobby is getting in the teacher's hair. Mr. Finn uses him for demonstration purposes.

Ray Herbert—

This young fellow does Art in all his periods, even the Art period. He is indispensable to Room 10's fun.

John Peake—

When mischief starts, the teacher looks at Peake. His favorite expression is "Lend me your Latin."

Bob Hoare—

Bob is a quiet fellow who spends his time dabbling in Chemistry or Photography.

Jim Bond—

This lanky individual gets his sleep in Geology. Pals around with Morley.

Howard Marcellus—

We hear little from Howard. He shines in P.T.

Bill O'Neil—

Tumbling and basketball are his favorite sports. A paper route keeps him out of many school activities.

Pat Robinson—

"P.J.'s" hobby seems to be asking and answering Physics questions. Enjoys tumbling.

Chester Scutchings—

Played Junior Rugby. We wish we knew his system for avoiding the teacher's eye.

Philip Wray—

Square roots occupy much of this lad's spare time. He's generally seen around with Gutman.

BIOGRAPHIES OF ROOM 10—Continued.

Howard Wright—

He knows what Room 13 looks like after four. He's a very quiet fellow.

Stuart Wright—

Equally quiet. He is no relation to Howard.

Lloyd Hinch—

A mop of dark, curly hair and a pair of sparkling eyes are Lloyd's chief assets. We don't think he finds school dull.



BIOGRAPHIES OF ROOM 11

Marg. Weir—

A member of the Alpha Gamma and an enthusiastic sports fan.

Monja Hollett—

Monja, as we all know, is quite a gal and is proud to be a member of the Alpha Gamma.

Jane Brownlee—

Possesses a very sweet smile and is popular with both boys and girls.

Phyllis Forsyth—

Very good in most sports, her favorite being basketball.

Mary Sturrock—

Favorite pastime is reading. She is very quiet and very shy.

Agnes Thompson—

Quiet, but she likes to hear a good joke and often tells one herself.

Jennie Stremecki—

Revels in saying nothing, but she has the art of listening attentively.

Dorothy Strachan—

Interested in sports, especially badminton. She is full of fun and devilment.

Daphne Thom—

A quiet girl interested in Stamp Collecting. She has correspondents all over the world.

Peggy Walsh—

Always worrying about something she has forgotten to do. She is a great hockey fan.

Anne Wallace—

Quiet in her own way, but likes to play practical jokes. A good fancy skater.

Peggy Lawrence—

Always immaculate and very shy when there is a crowd around.

Jean Sansom—

A new-comer to Calgary from New Brunswick. She is a good mixer and lots of fun.

Doreen Hass—

A tall girl who likes most sports and does all of them well.

Mary Wonnacott—

A quiet girl who wants to be a school teacher.

Aileen Swann—

Well liked by both boys and girls. Enjoys watching hockey games tremendously. Our Council member.

BIOGRAPHIES OF ROOM 11—Continued.

Lawrence Dyer—

One of the smaller boys, who takes to P.T. more readily than to our classical subjects. A good sport and a real friend.

Frank Fish—

He does not represent his last name, but, as a matter of fact, is very sensible.

Earl Clark—

A serious fellow by nature, a regular from the old country stock who is everybody's friend.

Cliff White—

The laughing type who has an acute sense of humor. He can even see a joke in something that isn't funny.

Dave Allan—

A typical up and coming student, who is one of our best all-round sports boosters.

Bob Cope—

One of our worthy contributions and an important cog in our great football machine. Has a loud voice (and red hair?).

Harry Harcourt—

A good howler when he's hurt, an excellent pupil when he tries, and a good sticker once he starts.

Jack Aird—

The studious type. A good orator who can stand on his feet and argue sensibly.

Frank Black—

Short, dark, good-looking and curly-headed with the attraction of a reasonable, well-balanced student.

Murray Harper—

A very intelligent boy if you disregard his learning French. He is an enthusiastic basketball player, and peddles a mean Calgary Herald.

Ted Barroll—

A very serious-minded fellow who believes in starting at the bottom and working up. He is now delivery boy for his father's butcher shop.

Lawrie Duff—

A red-head, crammed with big words, that come out backwards in an argument. A good artist and a bright pupil.

John Clarke—

The type the girls go for; good looking, good personality, and good for nothing.

Myron Sweitzer—

A big full-hearted hunk of roly-poly humanity whom everybody likes but sometimes wish they could shoot.

Bud Cartwright—

The best tumbler in Room 11. We think that is all he can do but, by all means, do one thing well. P.S. A fascinating fellow to fall in fast friendship with.

Alex Bull—

One of the numerous, good-looking Bull family. He is always smiling and is very friendly.

Bob Burland—

The kind of chap who would lend you the shirt off his back with a little persuasion and reasoning. Everybody should know him.

BIOGRAPHIES OF ROOM 11—Continued.

Hugh Bevan—

Another tumbler who specializes in cartwheels and front somersaults. Never mind, Bevan, the best of us get dizzy doing things in circles.

Gordon Irving—

One of the taller boys of our school. He is a good basketball player, centre being his favorite position.

Frank Harris—

Always smiling. A very good asset, in fact, an example to other people.

Bill Wigmore—

A roaring, rambling, restless, romping rugby player. A big, strapping, handsome fellow, who goes over big with the girls.

Jack Barclay—

Somewhat shy and retiring chap is Jack, who lets life take its course and lives merrily on.

Doug. Hutchison—

Boy! Can he tear up the town! "I wish he could go to town like that with a pitch fork," says his envious parent, over Cochrane way.

George Allan—

This bright lad, formerly of Sunalta, now blesses the halls and rooms of C.C.I. A scholar and an athlete.



BIOGRAPHIES OF ROOM 12

Norman Crowe—

A likeable young lad, who takes things easy, especially Algebra.

Roy Jewesson—

Comes to us from King Edward. We are not sure but we think that his pet aversion is Physics.

Norman Johnston—

A Rideau import of considerable talent. Doesn't know how Room 12 would get along without his red pencil.

Cecil Keeping—

A good student and a prominent athlete who languished in Sunalta last year.

Bill Irwin—

A quiet, intelligent Sunalta lad. He's always there when there is fun to be had.

Alex Macdonald—

A would-be architect. Spent last year in study at Rideau.

Tait McPhedran—

One of Room 12's coming geniuses both in Algebra and in 'under-cover' talking.

Glen McGregor—

A graduate of Earl Grey, finds Algebra a menace but takes it easy and is liked by all.

Lloyd Helmer—

Lloyd comes to us from Sunalta. He is the life of the party in Room 12.

Stanley Mann—

Quite a linguist seemeth Stan., but to the girls he seemeth quite a Mann.

BIOGRAPHIES OF ROOM 12—Continued.

John Mayhood—

A studious stude from Rideau. He has broken the records of the absent-minded professors for all time.

Murray (Goldie) Michols—

A blond lady-killer from Earl Grey. He has been known to get some high marks, too.

Don Neeland—

Don comes to us from Sunalta. Has wavy hair and is convinced that teachers were made to play with.

Bob Price—

Formerly of Earl Grey. Though one of our brighter students, Bob still finds the last period in the morning dull.

Jack Love—

A sociable lad from Sunalta. He can't see what the rest of us find hard about French.

Merlin Lister—

A Rideau boy with two great assets, a sense of humor and an ability to do work (?).

Don Roberts—

A sunny lad with marks up in the 'Gay Nineties'.

Bob Rimmer—

Another one of our brilliant students. He comes to us from Sunalta.

Bill Riddle—

A popular lad from Hillhurst. He is skilled at the art of doing nothing.

Ian Jamieson—

Ian is a Physics fiend from Sunalta. We find that his sense of humor is very prominent.

Ralph Roerich—

'Romeo' is a budding artist from Earl Grey. He is one of our leading humorists.

Gordon McInnes—

A red-headed French student from Sunalta (?). Hopes to be a flier.

Jim Stubbs—

A talkative scholar from Sunalta. Excels in English periods.

Murray Jaques—

One of Rideau's brighter products. Member of the Jaques-Johnston-Keeping trio.

John Taft—

'Joe' is another Rideau graduate. A humorous, thoroughly likeable lad.

Kirk Woolverton—

A top ranking artist is curly young Kirk. Makes eyes at the girls when he should be at work.

'Maurice Weller—

A tall lad from King Edward. Often conspicuous by his absence.

Stuart Richardson—

This dark lad hails from Sunalta. His 'yes Sergeant' is a by-word in Room 12.

Harold Segall—

'Peewee' is Room 12's mascot. Comes to us from Sunalta.

Tom Link—

Tinker (from Earl Grey) as all can see
Is a practical joker—first degree.

BIOGRAPHIES OF ROOM 12—Continued.

Gordie Swann—

Comes from Earl Grey. Is one of Mr. Beresford's pet worries.

Leonard Webb—

Comes to Central from Sunalta. Is one of those quiet, hard-working boys.

Lyle Wilson—

Another quiet worker but not as meek as he seems. A Sunalta graduate.

Gene Totten—

A popular sportsman. Formerly of Rideau.

Lloyd Nelson—

Joined us at Christmas and has become one of our best students.



BIOGRAPHIES OF ROOM 13

Burnette Binkley—

A great guy with a great smile and a great laugh. He finds home-work something else to laugh about.

Weston Brooks—

Played senior rugby. Is a great yodeller and guitar strummer. 'Joe' is a member of the Kappa Kappa Tau and Hi-Y.

Dorothy Campbell—

Nicknamed 'Rosie'. Also of the Chi Beta Rho. A favorite with the teachers (?).

Marjorie Davidson—

Her sunny smile cheers us all. She is a highly interested member of the Dramatic Club.

Ronald Davidson—

Ronnie has been noted for his artistic dancing. He refuses to tell the name of his girl, but her initials are L. L. He always wears a broad grin.

Arthur Davis—

A member of the Kappa Kappa Tau and Hi-Y Clubs. Art coached the junior rugby squad. His greatest delight is heckling Mitchell, Lochhead and Tempest.

Gwen Ellis—

Her golden locks are greatly admired by all. A member of the Phi Beta Zi Sorority.

Ruth Gill—

Never a serious moment is Ruth's motto. Seldom seen without Madelyn.

Ralph Goodchild—

A very artistic personage. Ralph is quiet and studious, yet he is very popular. Has charge of the Art division of the Analecta.

Howard Griffith—

We don't hear much of Howie, although he is always on hand to tell or hear the latest joke.

Theodore Harris—

A very studious and quiet guy. Ted can become quite scarlet if a girl ever speaks to him.

BIOGRAPHIES OF ROOM 13—Continued.

Waring Johnson—

A member of the Seniors. Can always be found saying, "Hey, did we have any homework in Art or English?"

Doris Launder—

The popular president of the Chi Beta Rho who says, "If silence is golden, let's stay off the gold standard."

Leslie Libin—

The humorist of Room 13. Les is an expert and experienced sprinter, but most important, is an ardent admirer of "Ferdinando."

Jim Lochhead—

Room 13's Council member. Jim plays softball for the Jimmies, and hockey for the Juvenile Bronks. He speaks and writes French 'tres' fleuntly.

Fred McKenzie—

Fred is a softball and hockey enthusiast. He thinks school is a great place to carry on a conversation, but teachers prove that he is wrong.

Jean McKillop—

Member of the Chi Beta Rho. Completes that trio, Dot, Doris and Jean.

Howard Mitchell—

A husky member of the senior backfield. 'Dunc' passes the time by starring in hockey and softball.

Max Ninian—

This lad is a fine crooner and a great guy, although at times he becomes a stooge to some of Fred's jokes.

Kay Pearson—

One of C.C.I.'s representatives on the Western A.S.R. We see Kay at school only once in a while.

Bill Pippard—

Can be found most any time parking his "Willys" on the side of a hill watching the beautiful city lights below. A very valuable member of the Intermediate Rugby squad.

Nora Plastow—

A quiet little miss because she does her talking quietly.

Jessie Pratt—

Our Council representative. Jessie is always willing to lend a helping hand.

Ken Rae—

Ken doesn't do or say much, but like the rest of us he finds school a great place to pass the time. You can depend on Ken for anything.

Mary Rhodes—

Thinks skating is an ideal sport. Uses our room for books only.

Mary Simington—

A quiet little miss with beautiful red hair who thinks that there is nothing like skiing.

Robin Smallwood—

An invaluable member of the Intermediate Rugby team. His favorite saying before a game, "for we are out to win some other time". Is quite proud of his autographed jacket.

George Smillie—

Starred at Junior Rugby this year. His ambition is to try to discover how to stay in the French period at least once a week.

BIOGRAPHIES OF ROOM 13—Continued.

Doug. Tempest—

Played intermediate rugby. A member of the Kappa Kappa Tau and Hi-Y. Spends the best part of the summer playing softball with Jim for the Jimmies.

Winnie Thompson—

Captain of one of the school basketball teams and a very fine player.

Margaret Urquhart—

An accomplished pianist. Marg. aims to make music her profession.

Phyllis Waterman—

A girl with a great big smile. She loves school ?

Bob Weaver—

Played Senior Rugby. Is noted for his smile, good taste of candy and his ability to recite "Ferdinand the Bull".



BIOGRAPHIES OF ROOM 14

Betty Armstrong—

A genius on the mouth organ who keeps lookin' on the bright side.

Grace Beresford—

One of the brain-waves of Room 14. Hobbies are drawing and correspondence.

Eileen Brown—

A tall, fair and enthusiastic Girl Guide.

Pearl Brown—

An active girl, good at basketball, who incidentally provides many laughs.

Anna Devlin—

Quiet industry reaps returns in the way of high marks.

Margaret Donaldson—

Very quiet, but very much at home on the basketball floor.

Bernice Douglas—

A blonde whose continuous laughter shows that she doesn't take anything very seriously.

Renee Dunne—

A popular wavy-haired lass who intends to be a nurse some day.

Muriel Elston—

We've a suspicion she'll cause a riot some day in spite of her quiet exterior.

Eva Good—

A silent girl who comes to us from Carstairs.

Corine Goodwin—

A cute little blonde basketball player. Her hobbies are skating and dancing.

Shirley Hambrook—

A Kappa Zeta Beta with a pleasing personality.

Erlene Harris—

A new addition to the city who has already won the liking of her classmates.

Dorothy Hingley—

A very artistic person who can really draw. Intends to be a great artist before very long.

BIOGRAPHIES OF ROOM 14—Continued.

Edith Holmes—

This good-natured girl has pen-pals and skiing for her hobbies.

Margaret Horn—

A friendly little red-head who is always willing to oblige.

Maxine Ingram—

If you haven't got your homework done, here's the girl for you.

Janet Pearson—

Quiet but clever. Plays the violin in the school orchestra.

Gwen Shouldice—

An air-minded miss who hopes to be a stewardess in a big transport plane.

Marion Somerville—

Spends her spare time in tap, toe and Scotch dancing. A new member of the Kappa Zi.

Marion Moore—

Another girl who'll lend her homework (if she has it done).

Helen Yearwood—

Shines (?) like the rest of us at Algebra.

Doreen McKinley—

This plump little miss aims to be an artist.

Donna Reynolds—

A promising young actress and a real pal.

Glenna Parnell—

One of those helpful girls with a friendly smile for everyone.

Dorothy Sandford—

Keeps her corner noisy in Social Studies. Likes skating.

Jean Martyn—

A cute looking girl with a swell personality. A new member of the Alpha Gamma.

Margaret Redmond—

Has her troubles in Physics with the rest of us.

Mary Weir—

A great chatter box who believes in having a good time when she can.

Helen McFarlane—

Tall, slim forward on the Red Wing basketball team.

Joy Nadeau—

Barbara's constant companion. One of the quiet members of the room.

Barbara Nadeau—

Away frequently. Completes the trio: Nadeau, Slater, Nadeau.

Jean Scott—

Exercises her vocal chords in Social Studies. Claims she is quite a golfer.

Judith Shapiro—

Judy is a good sport in everything. Hopes to be a journalist.

Isobel Wilson—

Fond of giving advice. A star at basketball.

Edna Schonert—

Our Council Representative. A grand musician. Well liked by everyone.

BIOGRAPHIES OF ROOM 14—Continued.

Dorothy Scott—

Quiet but liked by all who know her. She plans to become a school teacher.

Alice Madorsky—

A good sport and lots of fun. Plans to be a doctor.

Doreen Oliver—

A girl with an enthusiastic smile. A member of the Mic Macs.

BIOGRAPHIES OF ROOM 15

Margot Herriott—

An ardent hockey fan. Has a decided talent for "cleaning up" the various rinks she visits. Pet chirp—What a game! Talk about smooth playing . . . etc. . . etc.

Bette Johnston—

Becky chips in with "You dope!" and just hates doing homework. Born in Winnipeg.

Frances Forrest—

Aspiring to be a Florence Nightingale of 1945. Always says "Punctuality is a virtue but . . ." Affectionately dubbed Sciska. Usually says, "Why-ee-ee?"

Ellen Houston—

Ambition: to be a school "marm." Averse to banana cream pie (if she indulges in too many). Loudly declares her dislike for sea-cadets.

Marian Bingham—

Hails from Saskatoon. Always seems to get under teachers' skins. Pet saying—"Oh rats! where are my books?"

Irene Grenache—

Has the bad habit of never listening. Hopes to hop freights. Known as "Bunny" to most people.

Doris Hulbert—

Would like to marry a "sugar daddy." Averse to school (and I do mean school).

Phyllis Carruthers—

Ambition is to grow up. Makes a habit of bothering people, especially for Physics homework.

Nathalie Gray—

Hopes to ring a church bell some time or other. Nicknamed Nan by her friends.

Margery Hurlburt—

"Hurg" wants very much to finish high school. (Miracles sometimes happen.) Averse to sermons.

Pearl Mackey—

A ginger-haired lass christened "Wiggy" by her pals. Is fond of writing poetry. Her main ambition is to be a surgical nurse.

Shirley Auld—

Hails from Youngstown. A blonde with designing ambitions. To her everything is "Perfect er sompin'."

BIOGRAPHIES OF ROOM 15—Continued.

Marguerite Crawford—

"Marg" hopes to become a famous opera star. Has a knack of poking backbones.

Fanny Bercovice—

Adores cooking and sewing. A homemaker of the future.

Charlotte Linton—

Another fiery-headed individual. Affectionately called "Chardy." Can usually be heard saying, "Oh, you simple thing!"

Miriam Allen—

Ambition: to learn to croon. Pet aversion is getting up the morning after the night before.

Bernice Brown—

First saw the light in Prince Albert. Plays a Spanish guitar in a Hawaiian orchestra.

Jean Atkinson—

Hobbies: skating, swimming, and shows. Likes sports and candy, but, strange to say, has a dislike of getting up in the morning.

Marion McNeill—

Ambition: to be a child specialist. A popular member of the Kappa Sigma Delta.

Marjorie Lyne—

Just call her Sunshine! States that she "ain't got no ambitions." Likes practically everything except Algebra detentions.

Yvonne Clarke—

Yvonne's ambition is to slice up and sew together anyone willing to be subject (any offers?). Adores reading gory thrillers.

Kay Hunter—

Kay's ambition is to be a private secretary to a handsome boss. Loves lemon chiffon pie. Belongs to the Mic Macs.

Helen McDougall—

Hopes to make a good wife for some bachelor. Likes Nelson Eddy and ping pong.

Genevieve Harris—

(Also known as Genny). Likes skiing, hiking, camping, fishing, and staying in bed. Ambition: University.

Barbara Miller—

Babs likes skating and movie stars. Ambitions: reporter, figure skater. Pipes up with, "Jeepers, creepers, whereja get those peepers?"

Flora McNeill—

Is fond of sports and cowboy songs. "Fuzzy" wants to become a nurse. Belongs to the Jitterbug Club.

Myrla Donaldson—

Her ambition is to read the six supplementary reading books. Myrla belongs to the Kappa Zi Sorority.

Veneitta Rea—

Daily ditty—"Ooh, I'm gonna be late for Social Studies." Veneitta likes hockey (and hockey players) but please don't mention Physics.

Gladys Morgan—

Gladys likes writing letters (to whom we wonder?) Wants to be a stenographer. Greets her pals with, "Hi ya, kid!"

BIOGRAPHIES OF ROOM 15—Continued.

Marjorie Hulbert—

Marj. goes in for skiing and badminton. Her goal is "something in the medical line." Our Council member.

Elinor Jensen —

Belongs to the Omega Zeta Rho Sorority. Hopes to write a "best-seller." Doesn't like spinach (where's Popeye?).

Peggy Murray—

Just loves to doze in school. Peg likes chili con carne, Joe Penner and dogs. Wants to be a journalist.

Winnifred McGirr—

Freddie's ambition is to get through school before she gets her old age pension. Likes hockey, wrestling (?), and reading.

Eva Fullerton—

Commonly called "Fuller Brush." One day hopes to fly her own plane. Hitch your wagon to a star, Eva!

Peggy Atkinson—

Hobby—getting out of jams. Finds enjoyment in horses, dogs and drawing. Cries out, "Glory be," at the sight of exams.

Laurel Featherley—

Has a yearning for brown, wavy hair (we wonder why?). Belongs to the Kappa Zeta Beta Sorority. P.S., a good dancer.

Margaret Burland—

Hobbies: trying out new coiffures and lipsticks. Likes gum and boys. Belongs to the Alpha Sigma Rho. Just another little Litterbug.

Evelyn Crawford—

Hobbies: badminton, writing letters in Social Studies period, and delivering them just before French.

Audrey Farnsworth—

Winnipeg is her home town. Aud. wants to become a dietician. Can really "swing it" on the piano.

Marjorie Miller—

An up and coming ice-skating star. Usually found saying, "Aw, be quiet!" (to anonymous persons).



When the inspector knocks upon our door,
Our teacher blushes to the core;
She says no word, but glares at us
So we're afraid to make a fuss;
But quick as "Scat!" she drops her glare
And when he comes, smiles everywhere.
"Good-day, Inspector Black!" she'll say,
"I'm sure we're glad you've come today,
We always like your visits so
You'll help us with our work, I know!"

—The Collegiate.



Mary had a little watch
She swallowed it while walking
Now everytime she takes a step
Time marches on!

TO MY CHEM. CLASS

This is the class to which I go
In search of facts I do not know;
For if I knew them I would stay,
At least a million miles away.

Johnny took lovely sniffs
Of C₄, H₁₀O
I haven't seen him for a while
Now where did Johnny go?

Mary had an inspiration,
Seized upon it with elation
KNO₃ x S x C
And then a match. Where can she be?

—Analecta of 1928.



A WORD TO THE WISE

The world is old, yet it likes to laugh
New jokes are hard to find
A whole new editorial staff
Can't tickle every mind.
So if you find an ancient joke
Dubbed in some modern guise
Don't frown and give the thing a poke.
Just laugh—don't be too wise.

—Tech Flash.



I hope that I shall never see
A car like my old Model T
Whose tires were so small and hard
Each bump my spinal column jarred
Whose parts were cheap, but holy smoke!
I bought so many I went broke.
When speeded up to thirty-three
'Twould play a tinny symphony
I'll say this for that hunk of tin
'Twould get me there and back again.
Rhymes are made by chumps like me
But only Ford could make a "T".

—The New Era.



Sport . . .

SENIOR RUGBY

The Central Seniors failed to live up to expectations this year, and finished the season in a tie with Crescents behind an undefeated Western team. The team had everything in the way of offensive power, kicking, and passing, but were very weak on defence, especially tackling. Injuries played an important part in the boy's defeats, with Bert Calloway suffering a broken ankle in the first game, and Jim Lochhead missing the first game due to a wrist injury. John Windsor played the final game wearing a nose protector, and Stan Fairbairn sustained a broken arm in the closing game. The team was coached by Larry Haynes, star end of the Calgary Bronks, who proved to be one of the most efficient and popular coaches Central has ever had. Larry was ably assisted by Hal Harrison, another Calgary Bronk player.

Howard Mitchell, Central backfield star, led the Senior League scorers by a margin of five points. Dunc's total of 21 points was made up of three touchdowns and six singles.

The team was well supported by the students with large crowds being on hand for every game. All games were very colorful and spirited, with the traditional school rivalry being carried on both on the field and in the stands. Each school was represented by a band this season, which added greatly to the enjoyment of the games.

Western 16 — Central 13

The first game of the season resulted in the most heart-breaking loss ever taken by a Central team. With Central leading by two points with only a few seconds remaining to play, a Western player broke away to run 70 yards for a touchdown, and provide probably the most thrilling finish ever seen in high school rugby in the city. Taking advantage of Central's weak defence during the first half, Western opened the scoring with an unconverted touchdown in the first quarter. Central brought the score to 5-1 when Mitchell kicked and the Western receiver was brought down behind his line. A Central fumble on the 25 yard line resulted in another five points for Western. Mitchell lifted a beautiful kick which resulted in another rouge for Central, making the score 10-2 at half time. After the rest period, Central's attack began to click and they took command of the play. Behind some beautiful blocking, Mitchell and Calloway hammered at the line with Mitchell finally going over for a major score, making the score 10-7. Western added another single when Boucher was caught behind his line. Opening the final quarter, Calloway took a weak Western kick and carried it to Western's five yard line. From there Mitchell crossed the line on the first down to make the score 12-11 in favor of Central. Mitchell made it 13-11 with another nice punt. Western started a determined march but Central dug in and held. Then, with only time for one play, McNeil of Western ran seventy yards for a touchdown, making the final score 16-13.

Central 8 — Crescents 1

Central were easily full value for their victory in a very hard-fought game. Crescents threatened in the first quarter when Shantz ran forty-five yards and was in the open when he was brought down from behind by a spectacular tackle by Rod MacNeill. Crescents scored the first point when MacNeill was rouged. Central moved down the field with Lochhead, Mitchell and MacNeill making five successive first downs. Mitchell then hoisted a long kick to tie the score at 1-1. The score remained unchanged at half

SENIOR RUGBY—Continued.

time. Central carried the ball to Crescents five yard line but were penalized ten yards and failed to score. Mitchell kicked another point as the third quarter ended, making the score 2-1. Central recovered a Crescent fumble on the latter's twenty-five yard line. Mitchell kicked, but the ball lit on the touch line in the end zone, and no point was allowed. Crescents took to the air and Mitchell saved the day by knocking down a scoring pass. Crescents kicked and Lochhead made a beautiful thirty yard run through a broken field. Mitchell got away a long kick for another point to make the score 3-1. Crescents were desperate and began throwing passes in their own zone. Mitchell made an interception and raced thirty yards for a touchdown. The convert was missed and the game ended with Central worthy of their 8-1 triumph. Lochhead and Mitchell did some spectacular running for Central, while Wallace, Irving, Fairbairn and Lochhead stood out on defence.

Western 11 — Central 1

Western clinched the championship by their decisive triumph in this game. Central's offence was good, but again they were weak in tackling and defensive play, and this proved to be the deciding factor in the game. Central opened the scoring early in the first quarter when Mitchell kicked and Werth was down fast for a rouge. Central lost a chance to add to their score when they fumbled on their opponent's four yard line. MacNeill, Mitchell and Lochhead were doing some nice ball-carrying at this stage of the game. Mitchell got a bad break in the second quarter when the ball took a freak bounce as he was attempting to pick it up, and Western recovered on the fifteen yard line. From there they scored a touchdown to make the score 5-1. Western scored their second touchdown on a beautiful sixty yard run. The convert was good to make the score at half time 11-1. A strong wind was making things difficult for players of both teams. The third and fourth quarters were scoreless, with Central fighting hard to even up the game. A twenty-five yard penalty to Western and some good plunging by Lochhead, Weaver and Mitchell looked promising, but the team failed to score. The game ended with the boys still in there trying, but being unable to pick up any points.

Crescents 11 — Central 1

The final game of the season, although it meant very little to either team, was hard fought and provided a highly exciting sixty minutes of football for a fairly large crowd. Central's chances for a victory were lessened greatly in the second quarter when Stan Fairbairn was taken out of the game with a broken arm. A fumble on the opening kickoff gave Crescents posses-

SENIOR RUGBY TEAM

First Row—Stan Fairbairn, Hilton Boucher (Quarter Backs); Bert Calloway, Howard Mitchell, Jim Lochhead (Halves).

Second Row—Bob Weaver, Rod McNeil (Halves); Gordon Irving (Centre); Hu Harries, Weston Brooks (Ends).

Third Row—John Windsor, Alton Ryan, Don McTavish (Ends); Frank Wallace, Irving Kelsey (Guards).

Fourth Row—Tom Coulter, Gerald Martin (Tackles); Orren Madson, Dave Ragg (Guards).

NO PICTURES—Larry Haynes (Coach); Noel Langham, Bill Stuart, Jim Ward (Halves); Bob Wilkins (End); Jack Aird, Don Davies, Bill Wigmore (Guards); Bill Werth, Waring Johnson, Bob Cope (Tackles); Bob Nies (Centre).

Senior Rugby





INTERMEDIATES

Back Row—Bob McKay, Doug, Tempest, Art Webb, Jack McDonald, Mac McKenzie, Gordon Sellar, Jack Macbeth.

Middle Row—Chuck Hamilton, Art Follet, Bob Bateman (Coach), Clair Fledderjohn, Bill Irwin.

Front Row—Hugh McMillan, Bob Hahn, Robin Smallwood, Kirk Woolverton, Jim Frisken, Bill Pippard.

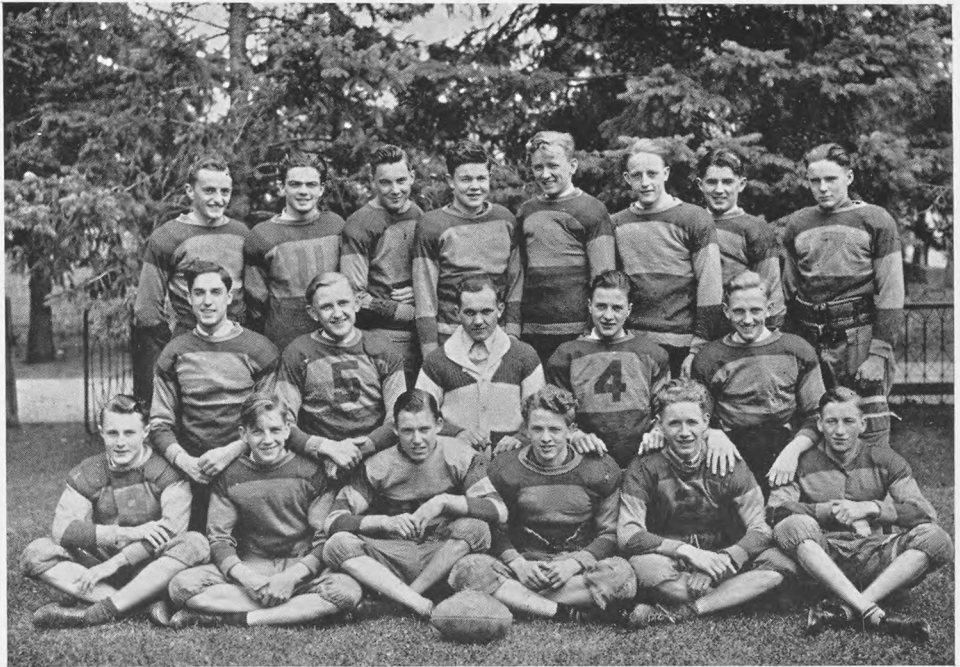
SENIOR RUGBY—Continued.

sion on the twenty yard line. The team tightened up and held on the five yard line, however, forcing their opponents to take only a single point by rouging Lochhead. In the second quarter, Mitchell got away a long kick and Irving was down to nail the Crescent receiver for a point. Mitchell intercepted a pass and ran twenty-five yards before he was brought down in Crescent territory. Half time came with the score remaining unchanged at 1-1. In the third quarter Central started a drive but lost all their advantage when Crescents got away a very long kick. A very unpopular penalty to Central in the final quarter gave Crescents the ball on the fifteen yard line. and from there they went over for their first touchdown. After running the kickoff back thirty-five yards, they went steadily up the field, and finally pushed over their second touchdown to finish the game with an 11-1 triumph. Again it was Central's weakness in tackling which resulted in defeat, but the boys gave their best, and we may feel justly proud of the 1938 Senior Team.



INTERMEDIATE RUGBY

The Intermediates were unable to gain a win all season, and finished at the bottom of the league. The boys displayed winning form in several games, but let down long enough to let the opposition collect enough points to triumph. A lack of substitutes was responsible for a large part of the



JUNIORS

Back Row—George Snell, Don Head, Miles Patterson, Art Davis (Coach), Grant Dunsmore, Jack Rhodes, Louis Michaels.

Middle Row—Dick Corbet, Carman Bliss, Pete Reid, Jack Staines, Cec. Keeping, Gordon McAdam.

Front Row—John Peake, Chester Scutchings, Charlie Kennedy, Bill Cumber, Roy Brandreth.

INTERMEDIATE RUGBY—Continued.

trouble. Another factor which worked against the team's chances of success was the unwillingness to co-operate in practice of some of the players, and we hope this will not be in evidence next year.

The team was coached by Bob Harrison, last year's Senior Coach, who was handicapped this season by a lack of time due to working hours. Bob was assisted by Bob Bateman.

JUNIOR RUGBY

The Juniors also finished at the bottom of their league, but had the satisfaction of winning one game. They defeated the strong St. Mary's squad 8-5, in a game featured by Pete Reid's plunging and Roy Brandreth's kicking and quarterbacking.

The team was coached by Art Davis, a last year's Senior star, who spent a great deal of time with the boys and did a good job. Mr. Finn also took an active interest in the team.

THE GORDON EMERY MEMORIAL CUP

This year's winner of the Gordon Emery Memorial Cup is Frank Wallace, star linesman of the Central Seniors for the past two seasons. The cup is awarded annually to the most valuable player on the Senior Team by the Kappa Zeta Beta Sorority.

THE GORDON EMERY MEMORIAL CUP—Continued.

The job of the Selection Committee was very difficult, with such stars as Stan Fairbairn, last year's winner, Howard Mitchell, Jim Lochhead and several others to pick from. However, Frank's ability at blocking and tackling, plus his unbeatable spirit, finally decided the committee. Their decision proved to be very popular with the other members of the team and the student body.

To Frank we offer our heartiest congratulations, and, as he will not be here next year, we hope that the Committee will choose a worthy successor to receive the honor.

SENIOR HOCKEY

Central's Senior Hockey Team, much to the surprise of the hockey enthusiasts in the school, won their way into the playoffs where they were defeated by Western. This is the best showing the school has made since Les Thirlwell's 1935 squad won the championship.

Central finished with a total of six points, obtained from two wins over St. Mary's and a game defaulted by Crescents. This gave the boys a two point margin over Crescents and the right to oppose Western, who were undefeated in the finals.

Jim Clark turned in some spectacular goal-keeping and was not to blame for any of the high scores during the season. Jim Lochhead was the scoring threat on the team and led the scoring, though he missed three games. Another feature was the playing of the "kid line" at the end of the season. Cam MacDougall, Bud Cartwright, and Ian Horton, the latter two being Juniors, formed a fast, smart forward line which should be heard from next year.

The team was coached by Bob Bateman and Bob Nies, members of last year's Senior Team.

Line-up of Team:

Goal—Jim Clark.

Defence—Bill Cole, Hu Harries, Ian Hay.

Forwards—Rod McNeill, Gene Totten, Jim Lochhead, Cam MacDougall, Bud Cartwright, Ian Horton, Stan Fairbairn, Al Fearey, Ross Logan, Jim Ward, Hilton Boucher, Oakley Naftel.

JUNIOR HOCKEY

The Juniors had a tough season this year, as they failed to win a game. They played hard, however, and with a few breaks might have picked up some points, as three of their games were lost by close margins. Outstanding players on the team were Bud Cartwright, Ian Horton and Jack Staines.

The team was coached by Art Davis, who did an excellent job considering the reserve material he had to work with.

Line-up of team:

Goal—Hollatt, Scutchings.

Defence—Staines, Horton, Head.

Forwards—Robertson, Cartwright, Collins, Stubbs, Wetherall, Kennedy, Jamieson, Hahn, Dunsmore.

BOYS' BASKETBALL

Handicapped by lack of an adequate gymnasium, the Central boys who played basketball decided to put a team in the Interscholastic League. It was a sporting gesture on their part, as the other two high schools were not only well-equipped with playing space, but had players who were experienced and had been together for two years at least. "Benny" Dwarkin, the "mighty atom," captained the squad and accounted for many of the plays that moved the ball up to the basket. Gordon Irving was the high scorer. Bill Pippard and Alton Ryan were the mainstay of the defence. Roberts and Harries worked with Dwarkin in the scoring positions. Dietiker, Langham, Allan and Woolverton proved to be effective substitutes. Although the team finished far down below the cellar, there was no game where they quit trying.

BOYS' TRACK MEET

Although Central's showing was anything but pleasing to the students of our school, the 1938 Track Meet was one of the best yet staged. A large colorful high school crowd filled Mewata Stadium on a day which began in ideal fashion, but later was marred by a strong north wind.

Several records were broken as Western won handily over Crescent Heights, with Central in third place. Bert Thirlwell, former Central star, captured the D class medal with a total of 12 points. Bert set a new high jump record of 5 ft. 9 ins., bettering by 2 ins. the mark held by Pete McRae, another ex-Central star. The spectators were privileged to watch the most spectacular running of the two-mile race in the history of the event. John Doyle of Western finally broke the tape one foot in front of Foreman of Crescents, setting a new record by several seconds.

Outstanding for Central was Ted Geffen, who failed by two points to win the B class medal, taking first place in the standing broad jump and third in the shot put. Jack Rhodes picked up one point for a fourth place in the shot put. Central finished third in the relay to collect two more points, making a total of ten points.

Only three points were obtained in C class, with Pete Reid taking fourth place in the running broad jump, and the relay team finishing third.

Dawn Fairbairn was Central's best performer in D class, tying for second place in the high jump, and coming fourth in the running broad jump. Bud Lennox took third place in the shot put.

Central finished third in the team race, with the runners coming in in a group. John Impey finished in ninth place, Noel Langham tenth, Gordon Bried eleventh, and I. Morris thirteenth. Chuck Hamilton and Art Johnson also competed.

With Western having such a decided advantage, we do not expect to win many laurels at the Track Meet this year. However, if all the boys interested in track will get out and practice and work hard, we can be in there showing the old Central spirit to the end.

CENTRAL SKI CLUB

The Central Ski Runners, although in the infancy of its first year, accomplished a great deal. Soon after the club was organized, they had the club championship at Shouldice and the ability of the skiers surpassed all

CENTRAL SKI CLUB—Continued.

expectations. Neil Carr took first place with Gordon Bried being runners up. Later in the season, the Central Ski Runners competed in the Inter-scholastic Ski Meet and won the championship with flying colors, beating Western Canada High School by a six-second margin. Next year, even greater things are expected of this club. There are some excellent skiers among the undergraduates and they will have the advantage of the past season's experience.

The Executive:

Honorary President	Mr. Theo Finn
President	Jim Ward
Vice-President	Allan Carlyle
Secretary-Treasurer	Neil Carr

THE CENTRAL HIGH GOLF CLUB

The club had its first meeting around the first of April. Mr. S. Jones, who is an enthusiastic golfer, kindly consented to be the Honorary President. At the first meeting nearly twenty-five members turned out and elected the following executive: President, Malcolm Mackenzie; Secretary, Bruce Collins; Treasurer, Fred Mackay.

A round has been played at the Municipal Golf Course to set the handicaps in order to play a match between the members in the club. The six low scorers will also represent the school in case of interscholastic competitions.

This club is believed to be one of the first of its kind in the city and the members are looking forward to a successful season.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

House League. This year the House League was organized and got under way early in the New Year. It was comprised of six teams, each made up of seven players. The girls wish to express their appreciation to Mr. Churchill for his keen interest in the House League.

The Red Wings came out on top after two strenuous games in the playoffs against the Canadians to win the coveted Kappa Zi Trophy.

The girls in the league were:

Bruins—Jean Newcombe (captain), Ruth Gurevitch, Lucille Illot, Charlotte Linton, Mary Newcombe, Jean Scott, Isobelle Smith.

Black Hawks—Winnie Thompson (captain), Pearl Brown, Doris Eastham, Dorothy Hingley, Garith Lowes, Helen Yearwood, Mildred Baines.

Canadians—Marion King (captain), Gerry Dicken, Margaret Donaldson, Margaret Jefferson, Jean Martyn, Flora McNeill, Edna Tambling.

Maple Leafs—Ruth Andrew (captain), Florence Asselstine, Vera Davies, Jeannette Crawford, Corine Goodwin, Marguerite Crawford, Betty Johnston.

Red Wings—Chris Willox (captain), Margaret Anderson, Onley Harris, Pat Beech, Helen McFarlane, Muriel Ellston, Dorothy Scott.

Rangers—Florence Shaw (captain), Gladys Boothman, Marjorie Hurlburt, Bernice Brown, Barbara Tigner, Ellen Houston, Jean Atkinson.



BADMINTON

Standing—Gordon Sellar, Geraldine Cope, Pete Thomas, Dorothy Strachan, Merlin Lister.
Sitting—Evelyn Crawford, Frank Black, Joan Moore.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL—Continued.

Leading scorers: 1, Helen McFarlane, 47 points—2, Florence Shaw, 32 points—3, Margaret Jefferson, 31 points—4, Winnie Thompson, 29 points—5, Jean Newcombe, 26 points—6, Margaret Anderson, 22 points; Corine Goodwin, 22 points.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

We are sorry to say that this year, due to lack of accommodation and time, Central did not enter a team in the school league.

GIRLS' BADMINTON CLUB

The Grade Eleven and Twelve girls, headed by Miss Sampson as Honorary President, have had a very successful and pleasant season, their executive being:

Honorary President	Miss Sampson
President	Geraldine Cope
Vice-President	Donna Calder
Secretary-Treasurer	Christine Willox

A singles tournament was completed, Gerrie Cope being the victor by winning an exciting three game set from Joan Moore.

GIRLS' BADMINTON CLUB—Continued.

The Interscholastic Tournament was again run off at the Glencoe Club on Saturday, March 10th with the three high schools being represented, each by four mixed teams. C.C.I. were the very proud victors, this being the first time we have attained this success.

The team which achieved said success was made up of the mixed teams of: Joan Moore and Frank Black; Dorothy Strachan and Gordon Sellar; Evelyn Crawford and Merlin Lister; Geraldine Cope and Pete Thomas.

Central finished with 232 points, 30 points ahead of Western, Crescents finishing third.

We wish to offer congratulations to Dorothy Strachan on winning the Junior Provincial Badminton Tournament.



GIRLS' TRACK AND FIELD

Last year's Meet was a real victory for C.C.I. Of the total of 39 5/6 points, B class chalked up 20 and C class 19 5/6, to take the Dr. A. B. Singleton Trophy.

B Division:

Eight Girl Relay, First—Team: Marg. Jefferson, Donna Calder, Jean Rhynes, Margaret Wood, Gerry Dicken, Audrey Dykes, Lois Stabback, Lilian Maginley.

75 Yard Dash—Fourth, Mollie McCaskill.

Running Broad Jump—Second, Gerry McCall; Fourth, Betty Watson.

High Jump—First, Ruth Andrew; Fourth, Marguerite Machum.

Shuttle Relay—Second, team: M. McCaskill, B. McRoberts, G. Tarves, R. McLaren.

Standing Broad Jump—Second, Gerry McCall.

C Division:

75 Yard Dash—First, Pat Turner.

Running Broad Jump—First, Pat Turner.

Standing Broad Jump—Second, Pat Turner; Third, Barbara Legner.

High Jump—Fourth, Barbara Legner, Pearl Brown.

Eight Girl Relay—Second, team: B. Legner, J. Crawford, P. Goodridge, I. Franzen, G. Boothman, J. Chambers, M. Buchan, K. Jewett.

Shuttle Relay—Third, team: P. Turner, L. Illot, D. Campbell, M. Awcock.

Best of luck to this year's team.



KAPPA ZI TRACK CUP

Pat Turner again took this cup by gaining 13 points for C.C.I. in the Track Meet. It is her third consecutive year for this honor.

Her points were gained thus: 1st in the 75 yard dash, 1st in the running broad jump and 2nd in the standing broad jump.

THE FENCING CLUB

This club was started in the school this year under the instruction of Captain O. Millard with Miss Hobbs as honorary president. Although the club had a rather small membership, it is expected that next year with additional accommodation and equipment, it is expected that this will be a very popular club for the girls. The enthusiastic fencers have improved considerably during this term.

The members and officers were:

Honorary President	Miss Hobbs
President	Deidre Hughes
Secretary-Treasurer	Gwendolyn McLean

Members: Gertrude Carlyle, Florence Chambers, Aileen Filteau, Sheila Gray, Olive Millard and Hazell Moore.



SLEEP

To rest, with the voluntary exercise of the powers of the mind suspended is the most vigorously practised art of college life. This art has been developed to such a degree that we find it with our meagre vocabulary impossible to adequately discuss this subject intelligently.

Sleep is practised from morn till night, so that it will be done properly when one has a chance to use it. The positions of reclining are numerous and varied, the two most prevalent being the one-leg and slouch. But, since students are usually in a sitting posture, the slouch position is the most commonly used by scholars who are interested in day-time sleeping. (Note: The author knows of none that aren't.)

Science has proven that students think better with their feet above their heads. Therefore we consider this a gigantic step towards achieving greater knowledge in any profession. These unfortunates who have not partaken of this step towards greater efficiency should begin at once. The idea is to get his feet as high as possible and his head as low. In order to do this one must relax every muscle, and by doing this allow themselves to form a greater declivity of their lumbar region.

Along with this is the art of yawning between 9 a.m. and 12 a.m. This has been perfected to such a degree that it has almost eliminated all amateurs. They have reached the highest stage of development in eight yawns of noted quality, i.e., reserved yawns, high-toned yawns, suppressed yawns, protracted yawns, scanty yawns, bored yawns, illegitimate yawns and unnatural yawns.

This topic is too deep and intensive to go into in more detail here. Further information on this subject can be obtained from any student.



TRAGEDY IN FOUR ACTS—

“Cram — Exam — Fail — Wail!”

—The Collegiate.

ODE TO A WEARY STUDENT

Student, student, burning bright
Electric lights late in the night,
Oh what grief and oh what sorrow
This exam will bring tomorrow—

Teachers tell us how they hate
In the night to sit up late
Marking papers one by one
Till the enormous pile is done.

And yet each term the little lambs
Plague us with some more exams
We don't want them, nor do they
What's the matter anyway?

Student, student, burning bright
Electric lights late in the night,
Slowly, gently, raise your head
You're not done until you're dead.

—F.W.C.I. Oracle.



PERFECT SPECIMENS OF C.C.I.

	Male	Female
Hair	Rollie Mayhood	Isabelle Howson.
Eyelashes	Sheldon Gibson	(Further Research Necessary).
Eyes	Oakley Naftel	Betty Campbell.
Complexion	Weston Brooks	Betty Watson.
Teeth		Irene Robertson.
Hands	Harvey Bliss	Jacqueline Elliott.
Figure	Pete Thomas	Not Prepared to Start a Fight.
Feet	Tom Coulter	
Laugh	Bill Brookes-Avey	
Giggle		Ruth McLaren.
Voice	Ches. Burns	Deirdre Hughes.
Height	Tim Corbet and Ian Horton/2	
Blush	Glen Patterson	Irma Brown.
Dancing	Reg. McInnes	Mary Lou Sherman.
Dress	Norman McLean	Shirley Somerville.
Horse-Sense	Lloyd B. Graham	Joan Moore.
Athletic Ability	Bob Bateman	Gerry Cope.
Musical Ability	Don Carmichael	Anne Makar.
Comedy	Ross Creighton	Mollie McCaskill.
Feeble Jokes	Ogden Turner	
Pest	Bob Kredentser	Florence Shaw.
Militant Female		Marion Davies.
Personality	George Hill	Prudence Bamlett.



Society . . .

Students' Council



Top Row—George Hill (President), Jacqueline Elliott (Vice-President), Jack Staines (Secretary), Bert Calloway (Treasurer), Bob Bateman (Boys' Hi-Y).

Bottom Row—Joan Oliver (Girls' Hi-Y), Geraldine Cope (Badminton), Rollie Mayhood (Dramatics), Cecil Howell (Current Events), Jim Ward (Ski Club).

STUDENTS' COUNCIL

The Students' Council got off to a very late start in November, but in spite of this, the year has ended leaving behind a record of many worthy accomplishments.

At the first meeting, the new officers were elected by the chosen representatives together with the presidents of the various school clubs.

The Council devoted its efforts to furthering interest in school activities. It provided hockey sticks for the hockey teams and purchased a Gestetner which enabled the Weeper staff to publish its own paper. It success-

STUDENTS' COUNCIL—Continued.

fully organized the Rugby Banquet and two Lits. In conjunction with the Dramatic Club, the Council helped to make the March Concert a big success. It also sold tickets for both the School and Orchestral Concerts.

We wish to thank Miss Elliott and the senior girls, Miss Kaulbach and the Dramatic Club, the Hi-Y's and other Clubs together with the student body for their co-operation in making this year one of the best in the annals of C.C.I.

The Executive:

President	George Hill
Vice-President	Jacqueline Elliott
Secretary	Jack Staines
Treasurer	Bert Calloway
Boys' Hi-Y	Bob Bateman
Girls' Hi-Y	Joan Oliver
Dramatics	Rollie Mayhood
Weeper	Bill Brookes-Avey
Badminton	Geraldine Cope
Current Events Club	Cecil Howell

Members: Prudence Bamlett, Geoff. Bate, Stan Fairbairn, Art Follett, Marjorie Hulbert, Claire Jackson, Archie Knight, Jim Lochhead, Ross Logan, Kay Luke, Shirley McFarlane, Jessie Pratt, Jean Redman, Edna Schonert, Mary Louise Smith, Aileen Swann, George Taylor, Dorothy Tempest, Dorothy Walford, Kirk Woolverton.

 THE BOYS' HI-Y

The first meeting of the Boys' Hi-Y took place on October 5th, when under the temporary leadership of a committee composed of Bob Bateman, Stan. Fairbairn and Art Davis, the club began its season of activity. Election of officers followed and ten new members were inducted into the club in November. The club has performed many services for the school including the sale of rugby tickets, and organization of the Boys' Track Team. The boys have conducted many interesting discussions and talks were given on various topics such as "Marks of An Educated Man," and "The Future of Aviation." They have also assisted in inter-school Hi-Y movements.

The climax of this year's activities lay in their representation at the International Hi-Y Conference at Winnipeg in April. Central's representatives were: Doug. Tempest, Bill Werth, Jack MacBeth, Bob Robertson, Jack Staines, Art Davis and Stan Fairbairn.

Executive:

Mentor	Mr. Pulleyblank
President	Bob Bateman
Vice-President	Stan Fairbairn
Secretary-Treasurer	Art Davis

Members: Roy Brandreth, Bob Pulleyblank, Ted Pulleyblank, Gordon Sellars, Bob Robertson, Jack MacBeth, Bill Werth, Bob Nies, Kirk Woolverton, Bill Stuart, Bob Wilkins, Doug. Tempest, Weston Brooks, Bill Irwin, Jack Staines.

THE GIRLS' HI-Y

The Girls' Hi-Y has just completed one of its most successful years since it was organized in the spring of 1936. Under the capable leadership of Miss James, the girls have discussed various topics of interest. "The Early History of Calgary" was reviewed by the members during the fall, and Miss Nicol, one of Calgary's Old Timers, was the guest speaker. Several other speakers have attended the weekly meetings, their topics mainly concerning the vocations open to girls. During the year the club has conducted numerous activities. At the beginning of the term, it welcomed all new girls to the school at a supper social. They convened a pop and candy sale at the Valentine Lit., and held their one great social event, an annual party in March. The club has also performed several other services for the school.

Executive:

Mentor	Miss James
President	Joan Oliver
Vice-President	Joan MacLean
Secretary	Chris. Willox
Treasurer	Betty Corbett

Committee: Betty Watson, Doreen Henry, Claire Jackson.

Members: Gerry Cope, Bette Edmanson, Norah McFarland, Julie Carsley, Doreen Blair, Hazell Moore, Betty McRoberts, Jean Weir, Ruth McLaren, Dorothy Maginley, Ruth Gurevitch, Isobel Farr, Mary Louise Smith.

THE GAMMA PHI CLUB

"To create, maintain and extend throughout the schools and community, high standards of Christian character," is the purpose of the Gamma Phi, a "Y" club, affiliated with the Boys' Hi-Y clubs of the schools. The chief activities of the club this year were embodied in a campaign to raise funds to send delegates to the Hi-Y Conference at Winnipeg. These efforts terminated in a very successful dance, the "Triangle Trip," held late in March.

The club also sent representatives to the Annual Hi-Y Conference at Camp Hector.

Under the directorship of Alton Ryan, junior Hi-Y Clubs were installed in the city, and early in May the annual church service was held at Wesley United Church.

Central's representatives are: Bob Bateman, Stan Fairbairn, Art Davis, Bob Pulleyblank, and Bill Stuart; while Alton Ryan, Jim Love and Jim Ward were representatives at Central from Clubs at the Y.M.C.A.

THE KAPPA GAMMA CLUB

The Kappa Gamma is a club of the Y.W.C.A., which provides a connecting link between the "Y" and Calgary High School girls. The club originally established the Girls' Hi-Y clubs in the various schools. This year under the capable leadership of Miss Louise Thirlwell, the girls have benefited by many interesting discussions, speakers and social activities.

Central's representatives for 1938-39 are: Mary Louise Smith (Hi-Y) and Jaqueline Tempest.

Representatives for 1937-38 were: Pat Turner, Norma Christie, Margaret Willox and Dorothea Stuart.

THE CURRENT EVENTS CLUB

The Current Events Club entered its 3rd year of activity with a spirit of enthusiasm previously unequalled. Opening with a program of discussions on topics of world interest, it went further in its travels when the Greyhound Bus Company showed its films to an interested audience. On two occasions, the club was favored with guest speakers. Mr. J. W. Churchill presented an interesting talk on "Sidelights of Democracy," and Miss Madden gave her listeners an insight into affairs in India. On March 25th, Helen Diamond entertained the club at Braemar Lodge.

The Executive:

Honorary President	Miss Elliott
President	Cecil Howell
Vice-President	Sheldon Gibson
Secretary-Treasurer	Jean Logan

Members: Jeanette Munroe, Jacqueline Tempest, Prudence Bamlett, Marion Davies, Deirdie Hughes, Aileen Miller, Peggy Blair, Helen Diamond, Mary Louise Smith, Ted Pulleyblank, Jack Marles, Raymond Salmon, Abe Tucker, Bill Brookes-Avey, Gerald Richards, Tim Corbet.

THE SPOKES CLUB

Near the first of the term, the Spokes Club was organized by several students who believed that public speaking should be given more prominence among the students.

Interesting debates were held and much hidden talent was discovered. Open discussions followed the debates. On May 10th, Jack Marles and Jean McKillop won a debate with Crescent Heights.

Officers:

Supervisor	Mr. W. Jones
President	Abe Tucker
Vice-President	Maurice Silver
Secretary	Marjorie Davidson

Committee: Ruth Crawford, Ruth Gurevitch, George Speakman.

THE DRAMATIC CLUB

This year the Dramatic Club, under the capable directorship of Miss Kaulbach, presented several very successful plays. Owing to the addition of Dramatics to the curriculum, a keen interest was taken in the club, not only by Grade XII but also by Grade XI students.

"Highness", a story of the Russian Revolution was first presented at the Valentine Lit. and repeated a second time at the March Concert. The cast consisted of four girls: Gwen Henderson as Anne Borodin, Margaret MacCaulay as Anastasia (Highness), Jean Nelson as Comrade Gregory, and Jean Redman as Paul Orloff, the commodore who saved "Highness" from a revolutionary death.

Two other plays were prepared for the March Concert. "Michael", a serious play set in the humble hut of a poverty-stricken shoemaker in Russia, was the star performance. In it Jeannette Munroe very ably portrayed the life of a poor peasant's wife and Isobel Farr the small daughter, Aniuska Maurice Silver, the shoemaker, befriended Michael, the man who brought

Dramatics



THE DRAMATIC CLUB—Continued.

good fortune to the poor family which aided him. The title role was forcibly acted by Rollie Mayhood. Others in the cast were: Marjorie Davidson, Max Ninian and two little girls.

The third play produced was "Oliver's Island," a light comedy, portraying a boy's idea of a perfect life. It opened with a scene in the school room and transferred to the Island where Oliver and Jill, the boy and girl, were rulers supreme.

The leading roles were played by Audrey Masson as Jill, and Ian Horton as Oliver. They were supported by Miles Patterson, Ruth McLaren, Jim Ward, Pauline Wright, Tom Coulter, Art Follet, Gerald Martin, Fred MacKenzie, Joe Spencer, Bob Buckley, Tom Poapst, Charlie Hamilton, Tom Yearwood, Doug. Austin.

The members of the club wish to express their sincere thanks to Miss Kaulbach for her successful and untiring efforts with the club, and also to Dorothea Stuart for her help as assistant director.

The Executive:

President Rollie Mayhood

Vice-President Audrey Masson

Secretary-Treasurer Mary L. Sherman

Representatives: for Grade XII, George Burrell and Betty Watson; Grade XI, Doug. Austin and Dorothy Tempest.

Stage Crew: Jim Love, Albert Annand, Neil Carr, Hilton Boucher.

THE MARCH CONCERT

The March Concert, one of the most outstanding highlights of the year, was presented on March 21st and 22nd under the auspices of the Dramatic Club. The program consisted of three hit plays, "Highness"; "Michael" and "Oliver's Island." All three were splendidly produced and marked talent was shown. Record crowds attended each performance. Mr. Beresford with his combined orchestra, ably assisted the club during the intermissions. Thanks are due to Miss Hobbs, Mrs. Carsley, Mr. Dyke and others who assisted in making the Concert a success.

THE RUGBY BANQUET

In honor of the Rugby Teams, for their staunch fight during the rugby season, a banquet was held on Friday, January 13th. Under the very capable guidance of Miss Elliot, the Grade XII girls took charge of the arrangements.

The Assembly Hall was decorated beyond recognition with posters and streamers. The tables were smartly decked with placards in the form of rugby balls. During the banquet, presentations were made to the coaches,

DRAMATICS PICTURES

Upper Left—"Oliver's Island."

Centre—Directing Staff.

Upper Right—"Michael."

Lower Left—"Highness."

Lower Right—Stage Hands.

THE RUGBY BANQUET—Continued.

Bob Harrison, Bob Bateman and Art Davis; and the teams were introduced by Bob Bateman, Doug. Tempest and Jack Staines.

As a climax to the evening's entertainment, Frank Wallace was presented with the Gordon Emery Memorial Cup by Betty Baker. A short program followed and dancing completed one of the greatest social successes in the history of C.C.I.

We wish to thank Miss Elliott for her untiring efforts in convening the banquet; the Decoration Committee and Miss James, the Staff, the Senior Girls, and all who assisted in making this event a success.

THE C.C.I. LITS

Owing to the late assembly of the Council, only two Lits will have been held this year, the Valentine Lit, on February 17th; and one being planned at the time of writing, for May 19th. Due to previous large crowds and lack of accommodation, the Lits are now closed to outsiders.

The Valentine Lit was very successfully convened by the Council. The hall was gayly decorated in Valentine settings. A play, "Highness," was presented by Miss Kaulbach with Jean Redman, Jean Nelson, Margaret MacCaulay and Gwen Henderson in the cast. The Girls' Hi-Y sponsored a splendid pop and candy sale, and with the Swingsters in attendance, dancing completed a merry evening.

The Delta Rho Honor Cup will be presented at the Lit on May 19th. All arrangements were in the hands of the Council. Jackie Elliot heading the program committee and Joan Oliver the decoration committee.

We wish to thank the staff and all who assisted in making our social events so successful this year.

THE C.C.I. WEEPER

The C.C.I. "Weeper" entered its ninth year of continuous service. The editors started at first with one issue of commercial printing. It was decided, however, that a Gestetner should be purchased so that the Weeper could be enlarged and improved. Scandal has in previous years formed a large part of the paper. Several of the editors would have liked to drop scandal, but felt that it could not be done. Instead of weakening the paper, the omission of scandal has greatly improved its circulation and quality.

The editorial, business and printing staffs co-operated splendidly. Bill Brookes-Avey, as editor, was very capably assisted by David Moulding, Alton Ryan, Hu Harries, Lois MacLean, Audrey Masson, and Jim Love. Jack Denholm and Chester Clark kept the circulation and receipts at a high level, while the printers did their share of the work.

The Weeper, this year with a new standard of school journalism, has supported C.C.I. first, last, and always.

THE DELTA RHO "HONOUR" CUP

The Delta Rho "Honour" Cup, presented annually to the best-all-round male student of Central, was awarded in 1939 to Gordon Irving. The "Honour" Cup, with a miniature cup as the permanent possession of each annual

THE DELTA RHO "HONOUR" CUP—Continued.

winner, is given to the boy who gains the highest rating under the points of competition—academic standing, sportsmanship, sports ability, school activities, club work, and general character.

Gordon Irving, popular with the student body, starred at Senior Rugby and Basketball. He was one of the "do and dare" boys who successfully re-organized boys' basketball at C.C.I. Throughout the year, he has given his help willingly both to teachers and students for the sponsorship of all activities. Gordon, as a member of the newly organized golf club, has again shown his sincere enthusiasm and co-operation in anything for Central.

The "Honour" Cup competition was started late in 1937, when Don Dunbar, the best all-round student of that year, was awarded honourable mention. Clarence Bell, the choice of the awarding committee of 1938, was the first to receive the "Honour" Cup and the minature. Dawn Fairbairn, a Delta Rho member, received honourable mention.

COMBINED ORCHESTRA

The Combined Orchestra, composed of students from both Central and Western, had a very successful year under the capable leadership of Mr. Beresford. We wish to congratulate Mr. Beresford for his splendid training of this musical body, which in the past two years has risen to the footlights.

The orchestra serves both schools in their various social activities. At the March Concert its performance was well-accepted. It also won fame over the radio in an Educational Week broadcast, and at several Educational Week Meetings. It played at the School Music Demonstration at Western on April 5th, and with the climaxing performance, the Orchestral Concert held at Western Canada Auditorium, May 4th, the orchestral year was drawn to a close.

Conductor: Mr. Beresford.

Members: First Violins: Anne Makar, Jacqueline Trusler, Dorothy Carmichael, Don Carmichael, Cecil Howell, Douglas Elves, Tom Wilson, D. Thom. Elaine McDowell, Jeanann Bell, Leonore Pearson, Doreen Wilson. Second Violins: Vera Freeman, Jeanette Pearson, Gwen Richardson, Florence Asselstine, Jean Atkinson, Irene Powlan, Don Shaw, Charlie Hamilton, Frank Doolan. Cello: Malvern Davies. Pianists: Mary McKee, Ruth Gurevitch, Vera Wood. First Clarinets: Dave Elves, Gilbert Noton. Second Clarinets: Ruth Atkinson, Bob Pulleyblank. Saxaphone: Irvine Kelsey. Brass Trumpets: Glen Patterson, Ted Chapman, Bob Weeks, Bill Perry, Edward Malin. Baritone: Art Follett. French Horn: Charles Seal. Trombones: Russel Hepburn, Bob Sneddon, Bill Dunnett. Bass: Bob Buckley, Jack McComb, Bill Carruthers. Drums: Maurice Snell.

THE CHOIR

The Choir, under the direction of Mr. Beresford, numbered nearly a hundred and fifty voices of which only thirty-five were in last year's choir. These were all students of Music I or II. About thirty picked voices, with fifty from Western Canada formed an especially good Choral Society, which presented the highlight of the year at the "School Concert" on April 27th.

THE CHOIR—Continued.

It also took part in the Western School Concert and gave a splendid performance in conjunction with the orchestra at the Orchestral Concert on May 4th.

The choir's repertoire contains such numbers as "The Lost Chord," "The Indian Love Call," and "The Kerry Dance."

GRADUATION EXERCISES

On June 8th, under the auspices of the Calgary School Board, Graduation Exercises for Central and Crescent Heights High Schools were held in the Western Auditorium. Mrs. H. D. Tarves acted as chairman. Dr. D. W. Kirby pronounced the Invocation. Following a double number by the combined orchestras, valedictions were given by Bessie Sidorsky for Central, and James Scott for Commercial. After Mr. Weir and Mr. Cromie had introduced the graduates, Mr. I. F. Fitch, K.C., gave a very stimulating address to the graduates. Souvenirs were presented to each graduate.

THE KAPPA KAPPA TAU FRATERNITY

The Kappa Kappa Tau Fraternity was formed in C.C.I. in 1926 as the Kappa Kappa Iota. Later the name was changed to Kappa Kappa Tau. This year, the "Tau" initiated four new members: Jack Macbeth, Gordon Sellar, Cam McDougall and Kirk Woolverton.

The fraternity held two successful dances at Penley's this year, "The Ski Special" on December 2nd, and the "Shellellagh Sweepstake" on March 17th.

Officers of the club are:

President	Walt Smith
Vice-President	Bob Robertson
Recording Secretary	Doug. Tempest
Treasurer	Don Francis
Keeper of the Log	Dick Webb
Corresponding Secretary	Ray Fairbairn

Other members are: Les Thirlwell, Francis Symes, Wilby Lennox, Wilbur Gillespie, Johnnie Souter, Jim Nesbitt, Dunc Stuart, Graham Courtice, Guy Morton, Emerson Borgal, Fred Webster, Ted Neilson, Clayton Crane, Stephen Johnston, Harold Herron, Tom McCrae, Jack Dixon, Wilbur Robertson, Gerald Wilson, Dick Litch, Framp Price, Newton Gillespie, Denby Coggan, Bun Russel, Jack Ferguson, Frank Tilley, Mack Herchek, Stuart Armstrong, Gail Egan, Art Warnkin, Lorne Metcalf, Bob Helmer, Joe Dutton, Les Roberts, Tom Barr, Lloyd Askew, Art Follett, Bob Wilkins, Art Davis, Weston Brooks, Secord Tennant, Don Johnston, Gordon Cooper, Darcy Scott.

In Memoriam

Gordon Emery—Age 21, July 30, 1935.

Vern Gillespie—Age 22, May 30, 1932.

DELTA RHO FRATERNITY



Amicitia Aeterna Conjuncti

The Delta Rho Fraternity inaugurated early in 1936, has made steady progress. Nineteen active members now proudly wear their fraternity insignia.

The first of the club's activities, a dance called "The Question Mark" was held in the fall of '38". After a strenuous initiation, four new members were inducted into the club at a banquet in the York Hotel during the early part of November. February 4th marked their second dance. "The March of Tune," which without a doubt was a great success.

The club's next big undertaking will again be to present the "Honour Cup" for the purpose of furthering all school activities. Following the Spring Track Meet, the Delta Rho will present blazers to the boy and girl gaining most points for C.C.I.

Officers are:

President	Maurice Samwell
Vice-President	Dawn Fairbairn
Recording Secretary	George Burrell
Corresponding Secretary	Tom Hall
Treasurer	George Hill
Keeper of the Log	Murray Law

The members are: Elmer Borgal, Bob Pearson, Bill Speerstra, Ted Colley, Reg. Snell, Frank Wood, Fred Crick, George Taylor, Jack Staines, Jack McNeill, Stan Fairbairn, Hu Harries, Doug. Pettigrew (Edmonton).

KAPPA ZI SORORITY



The Kappa Zi, which this year became a chartered sorority, has successfully passed another year. Formed in the spring of 1934 it now boasts a membership of thirty.

It has taken an active part in school activities, having presented a cup for the leading Central girl in the Interscholastic Track Meet, and also a Basketball Trophy for the winning team of the House League.

The sorority's activities have included a Scavenger Hunt, a Rummage Sale, several Teas, including a Hamper Tea, and numerous parties and dances, the most outstanding of which were the "Fan Dance" held in December, and their "Fifth Anniversary Party" held at the Glencoe Club on March 10th. Several other social events will conclude the season's activities.

KAPPA ZI SORORITY—Continued.**The Executive:**

President	Shirley Somerville
Vice-President	Irene Robertson
Secretary	Betty Campbell
Treasurer	Millie Beaulieu
Keeper of the Log	Doreen Donaldson

Members are: Donna Calder, Margaret Campbell, Jeanette Crawford, Myrla Donaldson, Jacqueline Elliot, Aileen Filteau, Isobelle Howson, Audrey Masson, Dora Masson, Louise McInnes, Betty Porter, Marion Somerville, Marion Smith.

Alumni: Anne Corley, Elspeth Rae, Mary Robinson, Betty Slater, Beryl Winter, Nancy Smith, Mrs. L. Thirwell, Mrs. F. Agnew, Mrs. B. Colebrook, Jean Hill (Edmonton), Muriel Pettigrew (Edmonton).

ALPHA GAMMA SORORITY

The Alpha Gamma Sorority was formed in the fall of 1930. During the past eight years it has grown steadily, and now boasts a membership of thirty-seven. The season was opened with the initiation of three new members. Activities continuing throughout the year included a successful dance, a rummage sale, a Christmas party, and several other social events. Throughout the year, they have been active in work for charity.

The Executive:

President	Phyllis Brown
Secretary	Jean Redman
Treasurer	Dot Tempest
Keeper of the Log	Audrey Gray

Members are: Ethel Allen, Hazel Cooper, Monja Hollett, Betty Kerr, Dot Coffin, Norine Morton, Betty Murray, Betty Watson, Marguerite Weir, Jean Martyn.

Alumni: Ellen Pengelly, Agnes Clarke, Edna Vickers, Frances Atkinson, Louise Frozen, Margaret Johnson, Vera Swanson, Anne Cooper.

SIGMA TAU

"Qui non proficit, deficit."

This sorority, formed in 1934 by girls from Central and Western Canada High Schools, is entering its fifth year of activity. They have held two very successful dances at Penley's as well as several novel parties and teas.

SIGMA TAU—Continued.

Their object during the year is the Red Cross and other charitable institutions. At present there are fifteen active members.

Executive:

President	Margaret Scott
Vice-President	Ruth McLaren
Secretary	Sybil Morton
Treasurer	Dorothy Kreller
Keeper of the Log	Dorothy White

Members: Iris Anderson, Marg. Auld, Shirley Auld, Audrey Blackburn, Doreen Oliver, Miggs Cottrell, Betty Newman, Doris Stewart, Ruth Morrison.

Inactive Members: Doris Newman, teaching; Vernal Nies, teaching; Ruth Marriott, Vancouver; Dorothy Porter, Victoria, B.C.; and Eleanor Pike, Regina, Sask.

THE MIC MACS CLUB

The Mic Macs Club was formed in C.C.I. in November, 1936, by six girls, and since has grown to a membership of eleven.

Among the club's activities during the past year were: a Barn Dance, a Pancake Flip and a dance at the Mandarin Gardens.

The Executive:

President	Betty Watson
Vice-President	Joan Foxcroft
Keeper of the Log	Mollie McCaskill
Treasurer	Doreen Oliver

Members: Doreen Henry, Shirley Auld, Kay Hunter, Janet Horn, Margaret Moore, Madelyn Sackville, Ruth Gill.

THE PHI BETA ZI SORORITY

The Phi Beta Zi Sorority of Central and Crescent Heights High Schools, recently celebrated its fifth anniversary. The girls can be recognized by their smart brown and orange blazers.

During the past season six new members were initiated: Margaret Wood, Gwen Ellis and Norah MacFarland from Central; Joan Rickard, Chrissie MacMillan and Joan Griffiths from Crescent Heights.

Two successful dances were held at Penley's Academy. In November a tea was held at Braemar Lodge. The girls have also had several informal parties, including an anniversary jamboree. They are at present reviewing current books and planning for summer activities.

The Executive:

President	Colleen O'Hara
Secretary	Doris Church
Treasurer	Coral Creasy
Keeper of the Log	Joan Griffiths

Other members are: Helen Diamond, Anne Makar, Gwen Varcoe, Marian Sloane, Ella Donaldson, Joan Dawson, Maxine McNeil, Martha Block (University), Beatrice Daltner (University), Dorothy Munroe (Vancouver).

THE KAPPA ZETA BETA SORORITY



This sorority was organized in March, 1934. In 1936 the original name of Kappa Zeta Bo was changed to Kappa Zeta Beta and with the initiation of four new members this fall, the membership has increased to 28.

The "Freshmen's Prom," held on September 16th at Penley's Academy, opened the social activities for the year. The initiation of new members was marked by a Tea, a Court Whist and a Dinner. Several Christmas Hampers were distributed by the girls at Christmas. Other social activities included numerous informal dances, a theatre party, a Whist Drive, and an Easter Breakfast. The girls are now busy planning future activities.

We wish to congratulate Frank Wallace who won the Gordon Emery Memorial Trophy, presented by the Sorority to the best all-round player of the Senior Rugby Team.

Executive:

President	Jean Bray
Vice-President	Betty Baker
Secretary	Arlene Price
Treasurer	Joan Oliver
Keeper of the Log	Mary MacLean
Telephone Secretary	Helen Smith

Members: Shirley Hanbrook, Irene Grenache, Laurel Featherly, Charlotte Kelly, Margaret Arlidge, Florence Gray, Beryl Kelly, Vera Davies, Thora Cunningham, Nora Poapst, Doris Sheline, Judy Gill, Lorraine Toombs, Shirley May, Jean Whyte, Alice MacKay, Dorothy Matthews (Winnipeg), Dorothy Caggie, Dorothy Switzer (Vancouver), May Annand, and Murdina MacGregor.



THE PHOTOGRAPHY CLUB

The Camera Club was organized on May 3, under the supervision of Mr. Scott. In the election which was held, Joan Moore was elected president and the committee that was chosen consists of: Betty Corbet, Peggy Brass, Stuart Newhall, Frank Speakman, and Ray Heimbecker. It was later decided by the members to hold meetings twice a week.

The club has two main objects in view, first, to help those who wish to develop and print their own pictures; and secondly, to help the Chemistry 2 students to understand photography. The club is making plans to study the developing and printing of pictures, and later freak photography..



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"That's a very small steak you brought me."

Waiter—"That's all right. You'll find it will take you a long time to eat it."



Man, these lower taxi fares will make a serious difference to me. Now I won't be able to save so much by walking.

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Dear Readers—

All characters and places in this section are entirely fictitious and any similarity to any person living or dead or going to Central High School is purely coincidental.



Then there was the one about Tony Galento, the cheerful little beerful.



The jokes a fellow remembers are yellow
With age—really century-pets.
But the true bull's-eye hitters,
The dandy side-splitters,
Are those he always forgets.



Dunc Mitchell—"Gee, you should see my girl friend. Her eyes are like stars."

Jim Lockhead—"Oh? Tell me more."

Dunc—"Boy, what a figure, and hair like silk."

Jim—"What's her name?"

Dunc (enraptured)—"Her lips are like rubies, and her teeth are shiny as pearls, both of them."

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A girl may love you from the bottom of her heart, but there's always room at the top for someone else.



Ogden Turner—"I saw a girl on the lawn today with her stockings on inside out."

S. Gibson—"What did you do?"

Ogden Turner—"Turned the hose on her, hah-hah."

Ed. Note—(Still laughing at his own jokes).



Jack—"We'll elope at midnite."

Joy—"Yes, darling."

Jack—"Be sure to have your bag packed when I sneak up to the window."

Joy—"Yes, it'll be ready. Mother's up packing it now."



"Don't you think marriages are made in heaven?"

"If all men were as slow as you they'd have to be."



"They say that if people live together they get to look like each other."

"In that case you may consider my refusal definite."



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Just as Al Jolson was about to go on the air in one of his radio programmes, he got a long distance call from a friend in a distant city.

"The broadcast was great, you were swell," said the friend.

"But heavens man, I haven't started yet."

For a moment there was silence, then the reply, "Yeah, but you forget the three hours' difference in time. You're all through here."

"It's very hard to drive a bargain," said the man who had just bought a flivver for \$10.00.

Some girls show distinction (or should we say distinctly) in their clothes.

"That was a close call, don't you know you should always give a woman driver half the road?"

"I try to, as soon as I find out which half she wants."

Sign in a Texas restaurant: "If the steak is too tough for you, get out. This is no place for weaklings."

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Sincerely,
(Signed) Mildred Downes.

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Dear Mr. Hollingshead:

I take this opportunity to thank you for the interest you took in my welfare. Had it not been for the training received at your College, I would not have been able to hold the position you obtained for me.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) Agnes Colvin.

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The modern home is one in which a switch regulates everything but the child.

A lecturer in a London University accepted a post in a United States college. He informed his little daughter of this move. That night the child ended her evening prayer thus: "Good-bye dear God, I'm going to America."

One night in the middle of a performance at the theatre, a half-stewed man stood up and yelled: "Is there a doctor in the house?" Not getting any reply he repeated his request louder. The actors faltered slightly but kept on bravely. The third time the drunk yelled out a man stood up and replied, "Yes, I'm a doctor." The fried fellow, tottering slightly, said, "Hi-ya Doc, like the play?"

Then there was the one about the movie star, after an all-night party, that bawled the cat out for stamping his feet.

Then there was the mean infantry officer. He was mean to the corps.

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S. Newhall—"Gee, honest babe, I won't hurt you. Why, I'm afraid
of my own shadow."

Arlene Price—"No? Nevertheless the lights stay on."

Judge—"Are you positive the defendant was drunk?"

Officer—"No doubt."

Judge—"Why are you so certain?"

Officer—"Well, I saw him put a penny in the patrol box on 4th street,
and then he looked up at the clock on the church and roared, 'Oh gosh, I've
lost fourteen pounds.'"

A smart man is one who hasn't let any woman pin anything him since
he was a baby.

Jim Adams—"That's absurd; that man charging us ten dollars to be
towed three miles."

Kay Pearson—"Well, I'm making him earn it. I've got the brakes on."

When asked about the "eternal triangle," Marg. Burland said she
thought that it was something babies wear.

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"You mean the one with the green thing-a-mu-doodles along the waist and neck?"

"Yes, that's the one."



Betty Coed—"Every man I meet fall's in love with me."
Some men don't care what becomes of themselves.



Burrell—"The doctor said that if I didn't stop smoking I would become a hopeless imbecile."

Taylor—"Why didn't you?"



Love (in taxi)—"Hey, what's the matter?"

Taxi Driver—"The young lady ordered me to stop, sir."

Jim—"She wasn't talking to you."

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George Hill—"I'll say."

Peggy—"Do you think I'm beautiful?"

G.H.—"You bet."

P.B.—"Are my eyes the loveliest you've seen?"

G.H.—"Shucks, yes."

P.B.—"Is my mouth like a rose?"

G.H.—"Uh huh."

P.B.—"Oh George, you say the nicest things."



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Rollie Mayhood—"So I showed her a picture of me when I was small, sitting on my father's knee."

George Hill—"Yeah?"

Rollie Mayhood—"And she said, 'My, who's the ventriloquist.'"



Then there was the case of the student that didn't like outside reading because it was cold on the porch.



Lloyd Graham followed a sprinkling cart eight blocks to tell the driver his wagon was leaking.

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Bill Stuart (in restaurant)—"You're not fit to serve a pig."
Waiter—"I'm doing my best, sir."

"My girl has the prettiest lips I've seen."
"I'll put mine against them any time."

Monja—"Do you know any stories?"
G. Irvine—"Well, none of the parlor nature."
Monja—"Well, let's go down to the basement."

You can't win in this world. The bald man may have less hair to comb, but he has more face to wash.

"Give this little girl a great big hand," said the cannibal chief, patting his young daughter on the head.

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"Who did you vote for?"

"The Democrat."

"Why? The Republican gave you more money!"

"That's just it. I thought the Democrat would be less corrupt."



Terry McCloy—"I had an awful fright last night."

Gordon Bried—"Yeah, I saw you with her."



Art Follett (to biology teacher)—"How many legs would you have to pull off a centipede to make him limp?"



When Jack Macbeth took Marg. Wood to the barn dance, she gave him the same old stall.



Kindly excuse Jim's absence yesterday. He fell in the mud. By doing the same you will greatly oblige,

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"Well, caddie, how do you like my game?"
"I suppose it's all right, but I still prefer golf."

—◆—

The old arguments between North and South have faded out everywhere except in bridge games.

—◆—

Asked what he thought of the two candidates for election, a voter replied: "When I look at them, I'm thankful only one can be elected."

—◆—

B. Kredentser has always wanted to taste the track meet they're always talking about.

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Miss Kaulbach—"We're ready to start the play now. Run up the curtain."

Ian Horton—"What do you think I am, a squirrel?"

—◆—

Logan—"I never take my troubles to school with me."

Ward—"Neither do I. All mine are waiting there for me."

—◆—

Teacher—"Can you tell me what steam is?"

Ambury—"It's water gone crazy with the heat."

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Timid Referee—"Now the last thing I wish is unpleasantness."
Frank Wallace (between his teeth)—"Have you any more last wishes?"



Lieutenant (roaring with rage)—"Who told you to put those flowers on the table?"

Orderly—"The Commander, sir."

Lieutenant—"Pretty, aren't they?"



Tucker—"Congratulate me, I got through in all my exams."

Geffen—"Honestly—?"

Tucker—"Why bring that up?"



Dear Piggy-Wiggy:

I could swim the mighty ocean for one glance from your dear eyes.
I could walk through a wall of flame for a touch of your sweet hands. I could
leap the widest stream in the world for a word from your lovely lips.

As always, B. Hogg.

P.S.—I'll be over Friday if it doesn't rain.



Said Mary Sherman: "I don't know what the young man's intentions are. He's been keeping me pretty much in the dark."

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It was dusk as ——— stopped at a garage. "I want a quart of red oil," she said.

"A quart of red oil?" gasped the man.

"Certainly," she said. "My tail light has gone out."

—◆—
"How is it that the potatoes you sold me are much smaller on the bottom than on the top?"

"Well, potatoes are growing so fast that by the time we get a sackful dug, the top ones are about twice the size of the first ones."

—◆—
Audrey Masson—"Are you the game warden?"

Game Warden—"Yes ma'am."

Audrey—"Oh! I'm so glad I have the right person at last. Would you mind suggesting some games suitable for a "Brownie" party?"

—◆—
Magistrate—"Are you sure he was drunk?"

Eilife—"Was he! He brought home a manhole cover and tried to play it on the gramophone."

—◆—
He who laughs last is probably Jack McNeil.

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"If It's New -- We Have It"

Gordon MacLean appears to be economical. His spats not only cover his feet, but keep his knees warm.

—◆—
Did you hear about the radio announcer's daughter who said grace thus: "This food comes to us through the courtesy of Almighty God?"

—◆—
Brackenbury—"I can't find any chicken in the soup."
Waitress—"Do you find a dog in the dog biscuit?"

—◆—
Early to bed, early to rise,
Keeps your young brother from wearing your ties.

—◆—
A modern critic says that girls' hair looks like a mop. That's all right with most girls because they've never seen a mop.

—◆—
Porter (sympathetically)—"Miss your train sir?"
Anderson (puffing)—"Oh, no! I didn't like the looks of it so I chased it out of the station."

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Peggy Brass—"I understand fish is good for the brain. Can you recommend anything special?"

Doctor—"Well, you might begin with a whale."

—◇—

Cam McDougal—"I must apologize for my dancing. I'm a little stiff from Badminton."

Betty Watson—"My dear man, I don't care who you are."

—◇—

A sharp nose indicates curiosity. A flattened nose indicates too much curiosity.

—◇—

Bill Werth—"Will you join me in a bowl of soup?"

Irma Brown—"Do you think there'll be room for both of us?"

—◇—

Teacher—"What is a saw-horse?"

Star Pupil—"Past tense of sea-horse."

—◇—

He who doesn't want his cheese stolen should keep his trap shut.

—◇—

Teacher—"What is the definition of hard water?"

Aileen Filteau—"Ice."

—◇—

A celebrated soprano was doing a solo when Bobby said to his mother, referring to the conductor of the orchestra, "Why does that man hit at that woman with his stick?"

Mother—"He's not hitting her. Keep quiet."

Bobby—"Then what is she hollering for?"

—◇—

Knock, knock.

"Who's there?"

"Opportunity."

"You can't fool me. Opportunity knocks but once."

—◇—

Maurice S.—"I love you, you are beautiful."

Prudence B.—"You flatter me."

Maurice S.—"No, I don't. Why your eyes, your eyes, they shine like the pants of a blue serge suit."

—◇—

Chem. Teacher—"I have here a vial of soda. What chemical shall I combine with it to make it a valuable article of commerce?"

Jim Ward (waking up)—"Scotch."

—◇—

Teacher—"Give me a definition of nothing."

Pete Thomas—"Nothing is a balloon with the skin taken off."

Walter G. Agnew

Jeweller

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Molly McCaskill—"Was Ken Yeabsley glad when you gave him a dance?"

Ruth McLaren—"Was he! He was on my feet in a moment."

—◆—
Jones—"You know Smith, I think your boy is spoiled."

Smith—"I don't agree with you."

Jones—"All right, then come out and see what the steam roller has done to him."

—◆—
Men are like corks—some will pop the question and others will have to be drawn out.

—◆—
First Interne—"I hear the X-ray specialist is going to marry the nurse."

Second Interne—"Yeah. I wonder what he saw in her."

—◆—
There's a rumor that the next addition of "Who's Who" in Russia will be published in loose-leaf form.

—◆—
Doug. Austin—the dancer to a maiden's prayer.

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Are you still wondering if Joan of Arc was Noah's wife?

Teacher—"Do you know that it takes 1,000 camels annually to make paint brushes?"

Jackie Elliot—"Isn't it wonderful how they can train animals to do things?"

Bill Brookes-Avey wishes to announce that this necking business is one that grows by lips and blondes.



DAD - Was Right!

When the choice of a Business College came up, Dad said, "Of course, you'll go to Garbutt Business College." But I wasn't sure. I wanted the best, of course, so I made my own investigations.

DAD SAID Garbutt College was an old established school with high standards; mother said lots of my friends would be there.

And I found out from a conference there, the unbelievable success of hundreds of its graduates. I found out that nothing is "skimmed over," but that every subject is completely and thoroughly taught by highly-trained instructors. That convinced me Dad was right.

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"All those who would like to go to heaven," said the Sunday school teacher, "please raise their hands."

All did except one.

"Why, Art, wouldn't you like to go to heaven?"

"Naw," said Davis, "Not if that bunch is going."

The enterprising manager of a theatre displayed this sign:

"Do not smoke—remember the Chicago fire."

This was so effective that he put up another:

"Do not spit—remember the Johnstown flood."

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Some girls can put themselves in a man's place, but most of them can put a man in his place.



It was the first day of a new term for little Audrey and the teacher of the new class asked her what her father's name was.

"Daddy."

"Yes, I know, but what does your mother call him?"

"She doesn't call him anything, she likes him."



Substitute Teacher (absent-mindedly)—"All those who are absent, put up their hands."



Burglar—"I need glasses."

Second Burglar—"Why?"

First—"Well, I was twisting the dials of a safe the other night and dance music started to play."



Taylor—"But this coat shouldn't have lost its shape so quickly. Did you use the coat hanger I gave you?"

Wilkins—"No, I threw it away. The darn thing hurt my shoulder blades and the hook on it pushed my hat over my eyes."

FRANK A. HALLIDAY
PHOTOGRAPHER



The photographs in this book were made by an
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Phyllis Carruthers must be an electrician's daughter, cuz she knows Watts Watts.



"What gave you the idea that you wanted to become a school teacher?"
Mickey Locke—"I thought the blackboard would show off my blond hair beautifully."



Woman (to canvasser)—"If I'd known what sort of person was at the door, I wouldn't have answered the bell."
Canvasser—"If I'd known lady, I wouldn't have rung it."



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Maurice—"Meet me at the Palliser at eight."

Annabelle—"The Palliser? Say, that's a nice place."

Silver—"Yeah, and it's close to where we're going, too."



S. Campbell (on Sunday morning in drug store)—"Please give me change for this dime."

Druggist—"Here you are. I hope you enjoy the sermon."



Jack Macbeth—"You dropped something."

Bill Cummer—"What?"

Jack—"Your footsteps."

Bill—"Don't want 'em, they're dirty."

"The men were standing beside a high wall which was also plastered."

Bob Hahn's the one fellow Greta Garbo could be with and still be alone.

Usher—"How far down do you want to sit?"
Jim Frisken—"Why all the way down, smarty."

B. Robertson—"I suppose you dance."
M. Somerville—"Yes, I love too."
B. Robertson—"Good, that's much better than dancing."

Teacher—"What's an oxide?"
Hu Harries—"Just the same as a cow's hide, only tougher."

Chem. Teacher—"Soon all rubber will not be made from rubber trees, but it will be made synthetically."
Mac. Mackenzie—"Hah, hah, when it gets rainy I'll wear my synthetics."

"Hello, is this my little sugar plum?"
"Yes, and bring home all your pay check."
"Excuse me, I think I have the wrong orchard."

Her lips he kissed
And cried, "Oh Bliss,"
The maiden, hissed
"You'll pay for this."
She spoke the truth.
(His fatal frolic)
Laid low the youth
With painter's colic.

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"Do you know that Jesse James went around with a price on his head?"
"What's the matter. Didn't he take the price tag off his hat?"

A horse named Bare Knees is running on Eastern Tracks. We presume it's a lady.



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Mr. Neidspondiavance—"What initial please?"

"Didn't I meet your brother a little while ago?"

"No sir, that was I."

"Well, well, striking resemblance."

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Bill Pippard—"My girl friends' a snake charmer."
B. Binkley—"So I see."



Shirley—"Say something soft and sweet to me, Stan."
Stan—"Custard Pie."



Most girls are like cars—"They shift their minds into neutral and let their tongues idle on."



Policeman's daughter—"Lend me your whistle tonight, dad."
Father—"Why?"
Daughter—"I've got a date with a football player."



Naval Officer—"Anybody here know anything about drawing?"
Langham (with visions of an easy job)—"I do; I took art at school."
Naval Officer—"Well draw up some water and wash the deck."



"You've pulled three teeth and I only wanted one."
"Yes, I know, but I gave you too much gas and I didn't want to waste it."

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English and French mannequins are to hold a contest. The idea is to find out if a miss is as good as a mlle.

Weaver—"Get ready to die, I'm going to shoot."

Smallwood—"Why?"

Weaver—"I always said I'd shoot anyone who looked like me."

Smallwood—"Do I look like you?"

Weaver—"Yes."

Smallwood—"Then shoot."

Found in the Easter Exams:—Definition of a buttress—a female goat.

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A henpecked gentleman was gazing rapturously at a huge oil painting of a girl dressed only in a few strategically arranged leaves. The picture was entitled "Spring."

Suddenly the voice of his wife snapped. "Well, what are you waiting for, Autumn?"

And then there was the cynic who claimed that motion pictures would be better if he shot less films and more actors.

"I've got a freak on my farm. It's a two-legged calf."

"Yes, he came over and called on my daughter last night."

Thelma Hill thinks that they shouldn't collect income tax from such people as Babe Ruth, Kate Smith and Tony Galento because after all it's just making money off the fat of the land.



Teacher—"You're nothing but a miserable idiot."

Doug. Austin—"Oh, no sir, I'm quite happy."



Exerpt—" . . . at this time it was customary to assign convicts to their wives."

Comment—"Now the system is more human."



Girl—"I can't marry you; you're practically penniless."

Boy—"That's all right; the Czar of Russia was Nicholas."



Teacher—"Give me an example of an elastic substance that when drawn out flies back again?"

Ross Logan—"Oh, I know, a homing pigeon."



Clair Fledderjohn—"I want to marry your daughter."

Father—"Have you seen my wife?"

"Yes, but I prefer your daughter."



Tim Corbet had taken his car to the garage for some repairs. "You wouldn't think it was a second hand car, would you?" he said.

Garage mechanic—"Good Lord, no, I thought you made it yourself."



Tom Sibary—"Waiter, I think there's a fly in my soup."

Waiter—"Well, make sure. I can't be bothered with rumors."



"What do you think of this new mechanical cotton picker?"

Well, I wouldn't stand too close to it in that suit."



"I shall give you zero for this examination."

Rollie Mayhood—"That's nothing to me."



I spent a lot of money sending Hilton to school and all I got was a quarterback.

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Gerald Richards—"Do you serve nuts here?"

Waiter—"Sure, what do you want?"



Our brilliant students say:—

1. The past tense of "I want" is "I got."
2. A monologue is a conversation between two people such as husband and wife.
3. When you breathe you inspire. When you do not breathe you expire.
4. Christians are only allowed one wife. This is called monotony.
5. All brutes are imperfect animals. Only man alone is the perfect beast.



Irvine Kelsey (after rugby game)—"Some sneak-thief hooked a Western sweater, Crescent shoulder pads, a Y.M.C.A. towel and my own helmet out of my bag."



Gypsy—"I'll tell your fortune."

Bill—"How much?"

Gypsy—"Fifty cents."

Werth—"Correct."

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"Do you remember the wonderful gorge at Niagara?"
"Sure thing, it was the best feed I ever had."

Tom Wilson—"I got a bright idea out of the corner of my mind today."
Frank Silver—"Ah, a stowaway."

The person without a leg to stand on is the one who usually does the most kicking.

Ernie Pescod is so absent-minded that the other day he threw himself in the basket and put his gum on the seat.

"Do you see that swell girl over there smiling at me?"
"Yes, she's too polite to laugh."

Owen Moore left today
Owen Moore than he could pay;
Owen Moore came back today
Owen Moore.

"Now daughter, I don't mind your boy-friend smoking my cigars, but I do object to his taking the morning paper when he says goodnight."

Bill B.-A.—"Your eyes are intoxicating."
Lois—"It must be the eyeballs."

Teacher (in biology class)—"Spencer, quit your day-dreaming and look at me or else you won't know what this bean looks like."

Kissing a girl in the hall is a custom of long standing.

Teacher—"Who said, 'I came to bury Caesar.'"
Hilton Boucher—"The undertaker."

"Any horseradish, miss?"
Doreen Blair—"No thanks, we have a car."

Enjoy —



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L'Envoi

We place this book in your hands and await your verdict. No doubt you have many faults to find and suggestions to make. Don't hesitate to express them. It will all help next year's staff. Still we do hope we have given you a record, however imperfect, of an outstanding year in Central High School and in the lives of all of us. If in some future time it can turn your thoughts to these days, it will have accomplished its purpose.

Before we close, we should like to thank all the un-named many who have assisted in the work—the biographers, advertising agents and contributors, too numerous to mention. Without your help the book could never have been published. With your help it becomes a publication representing the whole school.

TED PULLEYBLANK,

Editor-in-Chief.



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